
BOOK REVIEWS

- YALE COLLEGE, AN EDUCATIONAL HISTORY 1871-1921, by George Wilson Fisher
YALE: THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, 1921-1937, by George Wilson Fisher
THE MIND AND ART OF HENRY ADAMS, by J. C. Lawson
NELSON OF SMITH, by Margaret Clifford Thorp
THE VICTORIAN FRAME OF MIND, 1829-1870, by Walter E. Houghton
THE TRIUMPHANT EMPIRE: NEW RESPONSIBILITIES WITHIN THE ENLARGED
EMPIRE 1763-1796, by Lawrence Henry Gipson
THE THEMES OF HENRY JAMES, by Edwin T. Bowdler
THE LAW OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND CHIEF JUSTICE SHAW, by
Leonard W. Levy
IN QUEST OF LOVE: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MARGARET FULLER, by
Faith Chipperfield
THE AMERICAN HENRY JAMES, by Quentin Anderson
THE AMERICAN RAILROAD NETWORK, 1825-1890, by George Rogers Taylor
A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF COHASSET, MASSACHUSETTS,
VOLUME II, by Rufus J. Pratt
- D. W. Brown
Kenneth B. Murdock
Perry Miller
Thomas W. Ferry
Kaine Coulter
K. James Gifford
David Schorff
J. C. Lawson
Thomas W. Ferry
Sarah Higginson

The NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY is published in March, June, September, and December at Brunswick, Maine. The publication and subscription office is Hubbard Hall, Brunswick, Maine. Manuscripts and correspondence should be sent to the Managing Editor, Herbert Brown, at Hubbard Hall, Brunswick, Maine.

All books for review should be sent to Mrs. Lovell Thompson, 57 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

All rights reserved

Re-entered as second-class matter at Brunswick, Maine, February 25, 1925, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office at Portland, Maine.

Printed by The Ambrosen Press, Portland, Maine

THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY

Registered in the United States Patent Office

A Historical Review of New England Life and Letters

EDITORS

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER

WALTER M. WHITEHILL

LEONARD W. LABAREE

KENNETH B. MURDOCK

EDMUND S. MORGAN

HAROLD A. LARRABEE

CARL BRIDENBAUGH

STEWART MITCHELL

PERRY MILLER

OSCAR HANDLIN

LYMAN H. BUTTERFIELD

ALFRED KAZIN

Book Review Editor

Mrs. LOVELL THOMPSON

Managing Editor

HERBERT BROWN

Volume XXX

Number 3

September, 1957

Copyright 1957 by The New England Quarterly

CONTENTS

THE GHOST OF MAJOR MELVILL	Merton M. Sealts, Jr. 291
THE CALVINISTIC BURDEN OF <i>Light in August</i>	Ilse Dusoïr Lind 307
BEN BUTLER IN THE CIVIL WAR	Robert S. Holzman 330
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AND NEW ORLEANS: A STUDY IN HATE	Joseph P. Roppolo 346
GOVERNOR BERKELEY AND KING PHILIP'S WAR	Wilcomb E. Washburn 363
MEMORANDA AND DOCUMENTS	
The Transcendental Friends: Clarke and Margaret Fuller	Derek Colville 378
Mark Twain and the American Labor Movement	Paul J. Carter, Jr. 382
New Light on the Crane-Howells Relationship	Thomas Arthur Gullason 389
The <i>Spirit of the Times</i> Reviews <i>Moby Dick</i>	John Francis McDermott 392
BOOK REVIEWS	
YALE COLLEGE, AN EDUCATIONAL HISTORY 1871-1921, by George Wilson Pierson	
YALE: THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, 1921-1937, by George Wilson Pierson	S. E. Morison 396
THE MIND AND ART OF HENRY ADAMS, by J. C. Levenson	D. W. Brogan 402
NEILSON OF SMITH, by Margaret Farrand Thorp	Kenneth B. Murdock 405
THE VICTORIAN FRAME OF MIND: 1830-1870, by Walter E. Houghton	Perry Miller 407
THE TRIUMPHANT EMPIRE: NEW RESPONSIBILITIES WITHIN THE ENLARGED EMPIRE 1763-1766, by Lawrence Henry Gipson	Thomas W. Perry 409
THE THEMES OF HENRY JAMES, by Edwin T. Bowden	Elaine Coulter 413
THE LAW OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND CHIEF JUSTICE SHAW, by Leonard W. Levy	R. Ammi Cutter 417
IN QUEST OF LOVE: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MARGARET FULLER, by Faith Chipperfield	Harold Schwartz 420
THE AMERICAN HENRY JAMES, by Quentin Anderson	J. C. Levenson 422
THE AMERICAN RAILROAD NETWORK, 1861-1890, by George Rogers Taylor and Irene D. Neu	Thomas Weber 426
A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF COHASSET, MASSACHUSETTS, VOLUME II, by Burttram J. Pratt	Susan Higginson Nash 427
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	429
NOTES ON REVIEWERS	430
ANNOUNCEMENT: THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY LITERARY FELLOWSHIP AWARD IN AMERICAN STUDIES	432

THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY

SEPTEMBER 1957

THE GHOST OF MAJOR MELVILL

MERTON M. SEALTS, JR.

IN the brief prose sketch which introduces the first verses of *John Marr and Other Sailors*, a privately printed volume of poems issued in 1888, Herman Melville described his title-character as a sailor "from boyhood up to maturity" who, "disabled at last from further maritime life by a crippling wound received at close quarters with pirates of the Keys, eventually betakes himself for a livelihood to less active employment ashore." As Marr moved from place to place his feeling of isolation among landmen increased, even his occasional correspondence with former shipmates having lapsed with his "last and more remote removal." Still he continued to think of them; and though they "could not all have departed life," in Melville's words,

yet as subjects of meditation they were like phantoms of the dead. As the growing sense of his environment threw him more and more upon retrospective musings, these phantoms, next to those of his wife and child, became spiritual companions, losing something of their first indistinctness and putting on at last a dim semblance of mute life; and they were lit by that aureola circling over any object of the affections in the past for reunion with which an imaginative heart passionately yearns.¹

¹ *Collected Poems of Herman Melville*, ed. Howard P. Vincent (Chicago, 1947), 159, 162, 164.

Marr's invocation of these "visionary ones" constitutes the substance of the verses which immediately follow, lines which to anyone familiar with the course of Melville's own career suggest an autobiographical interpretation. The character of John Marr seems another of Melville's *personae*, one of the latest in a long line which includes Tommo and Taji, Ishmael and Ahab, Clarel and Rolfe, perhaps even Billy Budd and Captain Vere.

There is nevertheless one obstacle to the complete identification of character with author in the story of John Marr after he leaves the sea. Marr, we are told, at last settled down "about the year 1838 upon what was then a frontier-prairie, sparsely sprinkled with small oak-groves and yet fewer log-houses." There he married, but soon lost his wife and infant child, carried off by a fever, "the bane of new settlements on teeming loam."² Though Marr's sense of alienation during his last years may well have derived from Melville's own feelings, the outward circumstances in which he found himself are of course quite dissimilar. Worth noticing, however, are certain resemblances between his later career and incidents in the life of one of Melville's relatives, his father's brother, Major Thomas Melvill, Jr. (1776-1845), of whom, as William H. Gilman remarks, Melville "was very fond despite or perhaps because of his many misfortunes."³ Born like John Marr "toward the close of the last century," Melville's uncle had sailed for France at the age of seventeen, during his young manhood becoming a successful banker in Paris. After severe reverses abroad, however, he was obliged during the summer of 1811 to return to his father's roof in Boston, accompanied by his family. "The War of 1812 breaking out about this time, he received an appointment as Commissary with the rank of Major, and was

² *Collected Poems of Herman Melville*, 159.

³ William H. Gilman, *Melville's Early Life and "Redburn"* (New York, 1951), 65. "Thomas Melvill, Jr. and most of his descendants continued to spell their name . . . without the 'e,' " even though Herman Melville's mother and her children adopted the form "Melville" after the deaths of the senior Allan Melvill and Thomas Melvill, Sr., in 1832: see Melville's *Pierre*, ed. Henry A. Murray (New York, 1949), note 1.10, pp. 429-430; Gilman, p. 309, note 74.

stationed at Pittsfield." So Herman Melville wrote in a memoir contributed to the *History of Pittsfield* (1876) compiled by J. E. A. Smith.⁴ The death of Major Melvill's wife at Pittsfield was followed within a few days by the further loss not only of her infant child but also of a six-year-old son.⁵ Major Melvill remained in Pittsfield following the war, remarrying in 1815, but experiencing new misfortunes there, "and living in the plainest way, became a simple husbandman." His character and personality, reflecting his earlier life in the great world, set him apart from his humbler Pittsfield neighbors, who watched with curiosity the "exchange of salutations and pinches of Rappée" between the Major and the more sophisticated magnates of the village. Such a spectacle, according to a passage of his nephew's memoir judiciously omitted from the published *History*,

presented a picture upon which the indigenious farmers . . . gazed with eager interest, and a kind of homely awe. It afforded a peep into a world as unknown to them as the Vale of Cashmere to the Esquimaux Indian.

To the ensuing conversation, also, they listened with the look of steers astonished in the pasture at the camel of the menagerie passing by on the road.

In 1837 Major Melvill, "though advanced in years," re-

⁴ *The History of Pittsfield, (Berkshire County,) Massachusetts, from the Year 1800 to the Year 1876*, compiled and written under the general direction of a committee, by J. E. A. Smith (Springfield, Mass., 1876). A condensation of the opening paragraphs and extracts from the body of the memoir are printed on pp. 399-400 of the *History*; the complete text exists in an unpublished fair copy in an unknown hand consisting of ten pages of manuscript and a covering sheet inscribed "Sketch of Major/Thos. Melville Jr./Copy" (now in the Gansevoort-Lansing Collection of the New York Public Library). Although Smith's own biographical sketch of Herman Melville (Pittsfield, 1897) states that the memoir was written "subsequent to 1871" (p. 19), there is an internal reference in the manuscript copy to the Melvill property at Pittsfield as "now 1870" belonging to John R. Morewood. The wording of the extracts in the printed text agrees substantially with that of the manuscript copy, which has been drawn upon in the quotations which follow for passages omitted in the published version; minor emendations of punctuation and spelling occur in these passages.

⁵ In France Major Melvill had married Françoise Raymonde Marie des Douleurs Lamé Fleury, born in Cadiz in 1781, who bore him six children. The memoir does not mention the loss of two of them, Napoleon and Peter Francis, at the time of her own death in 1814.

moved like John Marr to the western prairies, settling at Galena, Illinois, where his nephew visited him in the summer of 1840 "and was anew struck by the contrast between the man and his environment."⁶ Although this contrast is not elaborated in the memoir, the situation of John Marr as described nearly twenty years later presents certain parallels: the fictional character is about the same age as Major Melvill, settles on the prairie at about the same time, experiences a somewhat similar loss of his wife and infant child (though at a different place and period), and in general finds his new surroundings far different from the scenes of his earlier life. As with Major Melvill and the farmers of Pittsfield, so with John Marr and his uncomprehending neighbors: lacking "a common inheritance," which in the words of the sketch "supplies to most practical natures the basis of sympathetic communion," they feel a barrier which inhibits even casual conversation. The difficulty is explained on the ground that

the past of John Marr was not the past of these pioneers. . . . They knew but their own kind and their own usages; to him had been revealed something of the checkered globe. So limited unavoidably was the mental reach, and by consequence the range of sympathy, in this particular band of domestic emigrants, hereditary tillers of the soil, that the ocean, but a hearsay to their fathers, had now through yet deeper inland removal become to themselves little more than a rumor traditional and vague.

When "naturally enough he would slide into some marine story or picture," Marr "would soon recoil upon himself and be silent, finding no encouragement to proceed." Upon one occasion of this kind an elderly blacksmith frankly pointed up

⁶ Melville's memory for dates, as notoriously inaccurate as his spelling, led to several errors and omissions in the memoir. The manuscript copy incorrectly dates his Illinois visit (unmentioned in the published text) as taking place in 1841; contrast his "Trophies of Peace: Illinois in 1840" in *Poems* (1947), 266. The years of Major Melvill's birth and death are left open in the manuscript copy; that of his death is incorrectly supplied as 1846 in the *History*. These and similar oversights (see note 9, below) suggest that Melville meant John Marr to have emigrated to the prairies in the same year as Major Melvill, 1837: in the later sketch he actually wrote "about the year 1838."

the situation in a brief sentence: "Friend, we know nothing of that here."⁷

What Melville says of John Marr on the prairies is thus strikingly similar to what he had previously written of his uncle, the earlier life of both remaining a subject beyond the comprehension and interest of their less cosmopolitan neighbors. For Melville himself in later years, "as the growing sense of *his* environment threw him more and more upon retrospective musings," his stories of earlier adventures became literally closed books to his contemporaries. Increasingly reluctant toward the close of his life to speak even of his published works, Melville reserved the memories of his youth for expression only in private writings such as those included in the *John Marr* volume. Through these pieces move phantoms like those which haunted the imagination of the old sailor, "lit by that aureola circling over any object of the affections in the past for reunion with which an imaginative heart passionately yearns." Among these ghosts of the past, as the details of the sketch of John Marr suggest, was the figure of Major Melvill, toward which Melville was so strongly drawn. His first memories of his uncle were associated with recollections of his own childhood; allusions to Major Melvill can be traced in his writings over a period of more than thirty years. According to the memoir previously cited, his first clear image of the Major dated from 1831, when he himself was twelve;⁸ three years later he spent several months upon the Melvill farm at Pittsfield,⁹ and from

⁷ *Poems* (1947), 160-161.

⁸ "I first saw him . . . in 1831, I think," Melville wrote in the memoir (the passage is omitted from the published text), "at evening, after a summer day's travel by stage from Albany." The occasion is noted in Allan Melvill's diary for August 11, 1831: see Jay Leyda, *The Melville Log* (New York, 1951), I, 48. But in the memoir Melville "evidently forgot his first visit to Pittsfield in 1823," according to William H. Gilman, "when he probably saw his uncle" (*Melville's Early Life and "Redburn,"* p. 308, note 57).

⁹ In 1834; both the manuscript copy and the published text of the memoir read "1836," though Gilman has demonstrated that Melville was otherwise occupied in that year (*Melville's Early Life and "Redburn,"* p. 312, note 95). Gilman and Leyda, *The Melville Log*, I, 42, 63, agree in assigning his stay at Pittsfield to the summer and autumn of 1834.

this period came the most vivid glimpses of the Major's distinctive appearance and personality. It was Thomas Melvill at fifty-eight that he recalled long afterward in the memoir as being

gray-headed, but not wrinkled; of a pleasing complexion; but little, if any, bowed in figure; and preserving evident traces of the prepossessing good looks of his youth. His manners were mild and kindly, with a faded brocade of old French breeding, which—contrasted with his surroundings at the time—impressed me as not a little interesting, nor wholly without a touch of pathos.

He . . . would at times pause . . . , and taking out his smooth-worn box of satin-wood, gracefully help himself to a pinch of snuff, . . . quite naturally; and yet with a look, which—as I now recall it—presents him in the shadowy aspect of a courtier of Louis XVI, reduced as a refugee, to humble employment in a region far from the gilded Versailles.

Melville particularly recalled his uncle seated before the kitchen hearth "just before early bed-time, gazing into the embers," and like John Marr remembering things past, while

his face plainly expressed to a sympathetic observer that his heart—thawed to the core under the influence of the genial flame—carried him far away over the ocean to the gay Boulevards.

Suddenly, under the accumulation of reminiscences, his eye would glisten, and become humid. With a start he would check himself in his reverie, and give an ultimate sigh; as much as to say, "Ah, well!" and end with an aromatic pinch of snuff. It was the French graft upon the New England stock which produced this autumnal apple; perhaps the mellower for the frost.

Sixteen years later, in the summer of 1850, Melville boarded at the same old farmhouse in Pittsfield, to which his uncle's family had returned following Thomas Melvill's death in Galena in 1845. There Melville, having since become prominent as an author, used for a writing-desk "an old thing of my Uncle the Major's" which had been "packed away in the corn-loft";¹⁰

¹⁰ Letter to Evert Duyckinck, Pittsfield, August 16, 1850, printed in *Herman Melville: Representative Selections*, ed. Willard Thorp (New York, 1938), 379-

"Banian Hall" itself, as he called the old residence, provided the setting for the introductory section of "Hawthorne and His Mosses" (1850), parts of *Pierre* (1852), and at least one of his short stories, the little-noticed "Jimmy Rose" (1855). Though in this sketch the "great old house" described in the opening paragraphs is given an urban rather than a rural setting, its identity with Broadhall, as the house was then known, is unmistakable. Because of alterations, according to the story, the front of the house

presented an incongruous aspect, as if the graft of modernness had not taken in its ancient stock; still, however it might fare without, within little or nothing had been altered. The cellars were full of great grim, arched bins of blackened brick, looking like the ancient tombs of Templars, while overhead were shown the first-floor timbers, huge, square, and massive, all red oak, and through long eld, of a rich and Indian color. So large were those timbers, and so thickly ranked, that to walk in those capacious cellars was much like walking along a line-of-battle ship's gun-deck.¹¹

Key descriptive phrases in this passage, it will be noted, recur in Melville's brief reference to the house in his later memoir of Major Melvill, where it is mentioned as

somewhat changed, and partly modernized externally.

It is of goodly proportions, with ample hall and staircase, carved wood-work and solid oaken timbers, hewn in Stockbridge.

These timbers as viewed from the cellar, remind one of the massive gun deck beams of a line-of-battle ship.¹²

As described in "Jimmy Rose" the rooms of the house were similarly ornamented with "heavy-moulded, wooden cornices, paneled wainscots, and carved and inaccessible mantels" of an older period. Even "the very covering of the walls still pre-

381. The desk reappears in both "The Apple-Tree Table" (1856) and the second chapter of *The Confidence-Man* (1857).

¹¹ "Jimmy Rose," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, xi (November, 1855), 803.

¹² Quoted from the manuscript copy; lacking in the published text.

served the patterns of the times of Louis XVI"—just as Major Melvill is thought of in the memoir as "a courtier of Louis XVI, reduced as a refugee . . . in a region far from the gilded Versailles."

Particularly emphasized in the story is the design adorning the largest parlor in the house, of which the narrator writes:

Instantly we knew such paper could only have come from Paris—genuine Versailles paper—the sort of paper that might have hung in Marie Antoinette's boudoir. It was of great diamond lozenges, divided by massive festoons of roses . . . ; and in those lozenges . . . sat a grand series of gorgeous illustrations of the natural history of the most imposing Parisian-looking birds; parrots, macaws, and peacocks, but mostly peacocks. Real Prince Esterhazies of birds; all rubies, diamonds, and Orders of the Golden Fleece.

As the narrator explains, this "old parlor of the peacocks or room of roses (I call it by both names)" was long associated in his mind with one of the original proprietors of the house, "the gentle Jimmy Rose," who had been "among my earliest acquaintances." Like Major Melvill, Jimmy in his prime "had an uncommonly handsome person," with bright eyes, curling hair, and red cheeks glowing with "health's genuine bloom, deepened by the joy of life." Adding to his moderate competence by success in "a large and princely business . . .,"

he was enabled to entertain on a grand scale. For a long time his dinners, suppers, and balls, were not to be surpassed by any given in the party-giving city of New York. His uncommon cheeriness; the splendor of his dress; his sparkling wit; radiant chandeliers; infinite fund of small-talk; French furniture; glowing welcomes to his guests; his bounteous heart and board; his noble graces and his glorious wine; what wonder if all these drew crowds to Jimmy's hospitable abode?¹³

So it was, though on a less lavish scale, with Major Melvill in Paris at a time when "any young countryman of Washington, if possessed of the requisite manners, found his way easy and

¹³ "Jimmy Rose," 803-804.

delightful in the bright circles of the City on the Seine." As his nephew explained the circumstances,

In certain departments the business of a European banker makes it his interest to be hospitable. If his disposition coincide with his interest, his entertainments may be often extremely agreeable from the piquant mixture of the company. The polite Bostonian's dinner in Paris lacked not, as I have been told, this quality, nor the zest of a very social nature in the host. Many distinguished countrymen did he from time to time entertain at his table, together with Frenchmen of note invited to meet them. Among others, I have frequently heard him name Lafayette.¹⁴

But for Major Melvill and his fictional counterpart "times changed," both experiencing the "sudden and terrible reverses in business" that engulfed Jimmy Rose¹⁵ and sent the American banker home to his father's roof in Boston. Here, however, their stories diverge. That of Major Melvill is already familiar; as for Jimmy Rose, he retires to "an old house of his . . . in C— Street," where he repels the narrator's efforts to see him.¹⁶ "I was a young man then," the narrator observes, "and Jimmy was not more than forty"—approximately the age of Major Melvill when he "became a simple husbandman" at Pittsfield. "It was five-and-twenty years ere I saw him again," the narrator continues, going on to describe Jimmy Rose as he appeared at about the same age as Major Melvill when his nephew visited him in Galena in 1840. "He whom I expected to behold—if behold at all—dry, shrunken, meagre, cadaverously fierce with misery and misanthropy—amazement! the old Persian roses bloomed in his cheeks."¹⁷

¹⁴ Quoted from the manuscript copy; lacking in the published text.

¹⁵ "Jimmy Rose," 804.

¹⁶ "Jimmy Rose," 805. Jay Leyda, editor, *Complete Stories of Herman Melville* (New York, 1949), 468, compares the location with that of "the second house in New York City occupied by the Melville family after Herman's birth," at 55 Courtlandt Street, where they lived until he was five years old.

¹⁷ The magazine text at this point (p. 805) reads "Persian roses," which in view of the context may have been written "Parisian roses" in Melville's manuscript. Persian roses, however, appear in late works where rose-symbolism recurs: e.g., the prose sketch "Under the Rose" and the poem "The Rose Farmer."

Neither did Jimmy give up his courtly ways. Whenever there were ladies at the table, sure were they of some fine word; though, indeed, toward the close of Jimmy's life, the young ladies rather thought his compliments somewhat musty, smacking of cocked hats and small-clothes—nay, of old pawnbrokers' shoulder-lace and sword belts.¹⁸ For there still lingered in Jimmy's address a subdued sort of martial air; he having in his palmy days been, among other things, a general of the State militia. There seems a fatality in these militia generalships. Alas! I can recall more than two or three gentlemen who from militia generals became paupers. I am afraid to think why this is so. Is it that this military learning in a man of an un-military heart—that is, a gentle, peaceable heart—is an indication of some weak love of vain display? But ten to one it is not so.¹⁹

Though Jimmy is a bachelor, and though the pathetic details of his pauper's existence go beyond anything known of Major Melvill's later career, the broad outlines of their lives are not dissimilar: both fell from prosperity to adversity; both were pursued by creditors "as carrion for jails";²⁰ both had an old-fashioned courtliness, a taste for French furnishings, and a measure of "military learning"—contrasting strangely with the "gentle, peaceable heart" that saved both from misanthropy despite their misfortunes.

¹⁸ In the manuscript copy of the memoir is a reference to Major Melvill's father (original of Holmes' "The Last Leaf") as a member "of the Boston Tea Party and an officer of the Revolution, with whose cocked hat and small-clothes, worn to the end of his life, passed away probably the last vestige in New England of the old costume."

¹⁹ "Jimmy Rose," 806.

²⁰ "Jimmy Rose," 805. Gilman, *Melville's Early Life and "Redburn,"* pp. 65-67 and notes, pp. 312-313, discussing Major Melvill's financial difficulties, points out that he even served "several terms in jail for debt." In the memoir Melville himself speaks of his uncle's "enterprising and sanguine temper—too much so indeed," and cautions lest it "be inferred herefrom that the amiable side of my uncle's character partook of indolence. On the contrary he was of a very industrious and methodical turn of mind. Mighty folios of accounts, dating back to the days when he was commissary, with laborious diaries of the farm, remain monuments of his diligence." (This passage was omitted from the published text.) Major Melvill's monetary troubles, which

After Jimmy Rose's death, the narrator, sitting within the parlor of the peacocks,

still must meditate upon his strange example, whereof the marvel is, how after that gay, dashing, nobleman's career, he could be content to crawl through life, and peep about . . . where once like a very Warwick he had feasted the huzzaing world with Burgundy and venison.

And every time I look at the wilted resplendence of those proud peacocks on the wall, I bethink me of the withering change in Jimmy's once resplendent pride of state. But still again, every time I gaze upon those festoons of perpetual roses, mid which the faded peacocks hang, I bethink me of those undying roses which bloomed in ruined Jimmy's cheek.²¹

Just so did Melville remember his uncle's "pleasing complexion," and his "mild and kindly" manners, with their "faded brocade of old French breeding"—symbolized by the "faded peacocks" amid the "undying roses" in the parlor of Broadhall. And with Major Melvill at the last, as with the house in which he had lived, "however it might fare without, within little or nothing had been altered." The persistence of imagery and detail through the fifteen years which separate "Jimmy Rose" and the later memoir are a token of the deep impression which the uncle's cosmopolitan air, reflected in the very furnishings of his home, had made upon his young nephew long before. And there is still further evidence of his influence upon Herman Melville's imagination.

In a series of little-known prose sketches upon which Melville worked intermittently during the 1870's and after, the central character is Major Jack Gentian, a Civil War veteran originally conceived as the narrator of two of Melville's longer

also involved his father and necessitated the intervention of Daniel Webster, are the subject of many of the family papers now in the Melville Collection of the Harvard College Library and the Shaw Collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

²¹ "Jimmy Rose," 807.

poems, "At the Hostelry" and "Naples in the Time of Bomba."²² Although of a different generation from that of Major Melvill, Jack Gentian too had lived in Europe and among frontiersmen, was fond of "over-sea reminiscences," held the same military title, counted high-ranking officers his friends, and dispensed "old-school hospitalities of the board"—or in the words of the earlier "Jimmy Rose," "feasted the huzzaing world with Burgundy and venison." Like Jimmy, the Major is a convivial bachelor, relishing "the rare qualities" of his friend the Marquis de Grandvin—clearly a personification of wine; he is in fact Dean of a sociable group of New Yorkers known as the *Burgundy Club*. And like Herman Melville himself he is "of double Revolutionary descent," proudly wearing his inherited badge of the Society of the Cincinnati.²³ In a passage of the fragment printed under the title "Major Gentian and Colonel Bunkum" occurs the following recollection:

I remember long ago in my youth the eldest son of a Revolutionary officer and as such the inheritor of the Cincinnati badge, saying, over the Madeira to his own son then a stripling, "My boy, if ever there is a recognized order of nobility in this land it will be formed of the sons of the officers of the Revolution."

The same scene is described in a canceled passage of another sketch, "Note: The Cincinnati," where the speaker directs the quoted remark not to "his own son" but to "the writer of this note," who is addressed there as "Nephew." The reference is obviously to Major Melvill, who had himself inherited the

²² Portions of the prose sketches are somewhat inaccurately printed in *Billy Budd and Other Prose Pieces*, ed. Raymond Weaver (London, 1924), from manuscripts now in the Harvard College Library. The references to this material which follow are based on a study of the manuscripts themselves in preparation for a new edition of Melville's late prose writings. Authorization for use of the material has been granted by the Librarian of the Houghton Library, Harvard University.

²³ In "Jack Gentian's Decoration" the badge is compared favorably to that of the Knights of the Golden Fleece; the association recalls Melville's earlier description of the "Parisian-looking birds" in the chamber of the peacocks as "all rubies, diamonds, and Orders of the Golden Fleece."

badge from his father; the episode is probably to be classed among Herman Melville's always vivid recollections of the time he had spent upon his uncle's farm in 1834, as certain traits of Major Gentian surely derive from the well-remembered personality of Thomas Melvill, Jr.

One further point. In his last major work, *Billy Budd*, which Melville was composing in the same year that *John Marr* was published, his mind like that of the old sailor lingered over memories of friends of the past. The story is dedicated to his former shipmate Jack Chase, "wherever that great heart may now be here on Earth or harbored in Paradise"; in its pages are recollections of the *Somers* incident of 1842 in which his cousin Guert Gansevoort was a leading figure. To its composition the persistent ghost of Major Melvill may also have contributed. The events of the narrative take place against the background of the French Revolution, from which was kindled the flame of mutiny within the British navy whose existence conditions the sentence imposed upon Billy. "The opening proposition made by the Spirit of that Age," in Melville's words, "involved the rectification of the Old World's hereditary wrongs. In France to some extent this was bloodily effected. But what then? Straightway the Revolution itself became a wrongdoer, one more oppressive than the kings."²⁴ This unfavorable view of the French Revolution, as R. R. Palmer has recently suggested, may well have been influenced by Melville's Uncle Thomas, whom Palmer identifies with a certain "Mr Melleville de Boston" recorded as being an active supporter in France of constitutional monarchy and the conclusion of peace with England.²⁵ What Melville himself wrote of his uncle in the memoir has direct bearing upon this suggestion. During his stay at Pittsfield in 1834, Melville recalled, the Major

²⁴ Melville's *Billy Budd*, ed. F. Barron Freeman (Cambridge, Mass., 1948), 131.

²⁵ R. R. Palmer, "Herman Melville et la Révolution Française," *Annales Historiques de la Révolution Française*, xxvi (July-September, 1954), 254-256.

often at my request described some of those martial displays and spectacles of state which he had witnessed in Paris in the time of the first Napoleon. But I was too young and ignorant then, to derive the full benefit from his pictorial recollections.

Nor though he possessed so much information and had a good understanding was his mind of that order which qualifies one for drawing the less obvious lessons from great historic events happening in one's own time and under one's eyes.²⁶

So in *Billy Budd*, having remarked that under Napoleon the Revolution "enthroned upstart kings, and initiated that prolonged agony of continual war whose final throe was Waterloo," Melville observes that "during those years not the wisest could have foreseen that the outcome of all would be what to some thinkers apparently it has since turned out to be, a political advance along nearly the whole line for Europeans."²⁷

If "not the wisest" at that time comprehended the ultimate significance of the Revolution, certainly not Major Melvill, whose grasp of public events is characterized in the memoir as something less than profound. Though his conservative political outlook may well have influenced Melville's own complex attitude toward "the Spirit of that Age," as Palmer suggests, even more important than his political opinions was the subtler effect of his patrician image lingering through the years in the memory of his nephew as "a cherished inmate," to quote the memoir once more. What Melville particularly recalled was his aristocratic figure projected against the incongruous backgrounds of his later environment, "in the shadowy aspect of a courtier of Louis XVI, reduced as a refugee, to humble employment, in a region far from the gilded Versailles." To the nephew Major Melvill thus seemed another "isolato," another Ishmael driven into the wilderness, sometimes present-

²⁶ This passage, omitted from the *History*, is quoted from the manuscript copy. It should perhaps be noted that Jimmy Rose in his late years "kept himself informed of European affairs and the last literature, foreign and domestic. And of this, when encouragement was given, he would largely talk. But encouragement was not always given" ("Jimmy Rose," p. 806).

²⁷ Melville's *Billy Budd*, 131.

ing himself in the altered guise of a John Marr, a Jimmy Rose, or a Jack Gentian. All of these roles, moreover, are semi-autobiographical characterizations as well, through which Melville himself, in Lewis Mumford's phrase, "plays with his possible fate" as man or as author.²⁸ The aging veteran outliving his best days, unable to come to terms with an unsympathetic environment, yet unalterable within "however it might fare without"—such was the recurrent character-type suggested to Melville the writer by the example of his uncle's personality and career, with which he tended to identify his own.

Tracing Major Melville's ghostlike presence through successive writings of his nephew²⁹ has revealed certain familiar attributes of Herman Melville and his work. In his attitude toward his uncle can be seen both his patrician pride of family and a sympathy with wordly failure which at times, as in "Jimmy Rose" though not in the more restrained "John Marr," approaches sheer sentimentality. Here too are illustrated both the persistence and the vividness of his memories over the years of whatever deeply stirred him, as shown in recurrent patterns of situation and characterization as well as of imagery and phrasing. Though Melville's creative impulse, which required external stimulus, drew heavily upon literary source-material, he was equally responsive as a writer to personalities who had strongly affected him. With those to whom he felt drawn he tended to identify himself, and in characters who show their influence he mingled autobiographical elements. The stories of Jimmy Rose, Jack Gentian, and John Marr, all examples of such composite figures, thus reflect as much of Melville himself—or an image of himself—as of the life and personality of his uncle. During the later and less eventful years of his career Melville's writing grew increasingly dependent upon the resources of memory as he too, like these same charac-

²⁸ *Herman Melville* (New York, 1929), 259.

²⁹ Jay Leyda, in his edition of *Complete Stories*, p. 467, has also nominated Major Melville as a "likely" original of the elderly uncle in Melville's short story "The Happy Failure" (1854), where the failure of an invention "made a good old man" of the uncle and "a wise young one" of the narrator.

ters and the figure from whom they were partially drawn, found "phantoms of the dead" his chief spiritual companions when "the growing sense of his environment threw him more and more upon retrospective musings." Out of that vivid sense of the past, along with the ghost of Major Melvill, emerged in *Billy Budd* the major work of his final period.

THE CALVINISTIC BURDEN OF
LIGHT IN AUGUST

ILSE DUSOIR LIND

PURITANISM as a dominant theme of *Light in August* was first observed two decades ago. Although subsequent studies have noted that religion and repression are recurrent themes linking the stories of Hightower, Lena Grove, and Joe Christmas, they have failed to show specifically how these two motifs in the various narratives are interrelated. The textual explications which have appeared in recent years have been useful for their alignment of patterns of imagery, but only to a limited degree because of their inadequate orientation to the structure and design of the novel. Many "figures in the carpet" have been traced, but no one has solved the mystery of the novel's coherence. More than one critic has pronounced the work structurally imperfect.

Repeatedly, however, we discover that Faulkner's seeming defects are failures of our own perception, which is not prepared for the new uses to which he applies his resources. *Light in August* presents three interwoven stories, as we readily enough observe, but what we have not seen is the basis of their inner coördination. They are, to begin with, three quite different types of narrative: a tragedy (Christmas' story); a problem novel (the ordeal of Hightower); and a comedy (the Lena Grove-Byron Bunch romance). Each is distinct and is elaborated with extraordinary textual richness on its own conceptual principle, yet all form a harmonious synthesis. The story of Christmas occupies the largest area of interest, but the remaining narratives are in no sense sub-plots. Each story has its own mood, tempo, plot, and theme. The vision of *Light in August*, as in *The Sound and the Fury* (where the structural units are blocks of consciousness, rather than narratives), resides in its total effect, and rests upon our comprehension and response to each unit as an entity, each unit in thematic rela-

tion to each other, and all the units seen as a series of outlooks or attitudes transcending each other progressively toward an artistic resolution. The effect, in brief, is contrapuntal. The writer who had achieved consummate control in the management of multi-level poetic narration in *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying* undertook a greater challenge in *Light in August*. Where in the earlier novels he had used a series of limited points of view, he now chose a triple narrative scheme, exploiting the new possibilities inherent in the use of independent narratives. The result is a greater range and depth of treatment at the same time that the reader's interest in plot action—which had been relatively subordinate in the earlier masterpieces—is constantly recharged. The success of his strategy in heightening the immediate appeals of the work without lessening its intellectual and emotional complexity is proved by the fact that *Light in August* is one of Faulkner's most popularly enjoyed novels, even while—from a critical point of view—it remains essentially obscure.

The Christmas story, or tragedy, is the subject of this study. For purposes of analysis, it is here isolated from the body of the text for consideration as a thematic and structural entity. Its relation to the remaining narratives may be schematically indicated as follows: the Christmas tragedy, a tale of personal and social violence, poses the problem which the remaining narratives must resolve. Its communicated sense of moral injustice and appalling endlessness are forthrightly confronted in the story of Hightower. Hightower's commitment to life—his involvement in Lena's delivery—halts the "wheel" of tragic recurrence. Lena's infant, as the symbolic representation of the future, enters a world which has been liberated by Hightower's ordeal and sacrifice. The final outlook of the novel represents the triumph of the comic over the tragic vision.

In approaching the Christmas narrative it is perhaps best to state at the outset that the story of Christmas is developed by Faulkner along two lines, and that the confusion of these two has been the chief stumbling block in critical interpreta-

tion. As the tragic hero—or, better, victim—Christmas is traced from birth to death. Formative influences are given in great detail, so that we understand the necessity of his violence. After his murder of Joanna Burden, his negation and outrage are shown mounting to a point where he hurls defiance to God from the pulpit of a church he has invaded, then subsiding to a recognition of all men as brothers (simultaneous with the wish for death, for he has ceased to want food), and finally to his voluntary surrender and ugly mutilation by Percy Grimm. As a psychological study, it is the best in literature of an alienated personality who is not articulate or intellectual. Our interest in him as an individual sustains our suspense as to his ultimate fate throughout the novel and tempts us, understandably enough, to assume that his personal experience, like that of Billy Budd—another fictional protagonist symbolized as a Christ figure—is the key to the meaning of the novel.

But many problems arise as a consequence. If the book is considered as primarily Christmas' story, then the adult years—as some critics have protested—are slighted by the allocation of no more than a few pages for the events of Christmas' life occurring between adolescence and the age of thirty-three. Equally problematic is the bearing of the Christ symbolism, which, if its purpose is merely to identify Christmas with Christ, is laid on with an extremely heavy hand. The Christ symbolism is strongly reinforced at the end of the novel, for example, in the scene of Christmas' capture (the assembled multitude, the five wounds, Percy Grimm as Roman soldier, the age of Christmas), but the attempt to apply this terminal emphasis to Christmas as a person leads only to bafflement. Spiritually enervated, he is inadequate to represent the renewal implied in the myth, and the pathos of his plight, increased by association with the Crucifixion cannot be the final effect we are meant to ponder; it is refuted by the story of Lena, which concludes later. Actually, each of the narratives contains a Christ figure, and this is why the symbolism is excessive in emphasis and direction when seen in relation to Christmas

alone. The story of Christmas as an individual is compelling in the extreme, but it is not on this level that the narrative of Christmas is integrated with the remaining narratives in a meaningful composite.

Analyzing the Christmas narrative as an entity, what becomes evident is that the central motif is not Christmas' growth of consciousness or his encounter with "justice," but the conflict between Christmas and Joanna Burden. This conflict comes to its crashing climax (the murder) only a little past the middle of the novel as a whole, in the twelfth chapter (of twenty-one).

Miss Burden has received almost no critical attention as a significant symbol in the novel, probably because her personality and background, unlike those of Christmas, are conveyed tersely (in her sharply highlighted monologue on her family history) and with almost clinical objectivity (in Faulkner's account of her erotic conduct with Christmas). The result is that she appears monstrous, whereas Joe, whose disturbed personality we understand because of the detail and skill lavished on his early years, seems poignantly human. Yet that Faulkner intends to equate Joanna and Joe as victims of analogous cultural neuroses is suggested in his designation of them as name-twins (Joe and Joanna) and in his care to supply each with a genealogy covering three generations. Joanna's past, coming as it does just at the point in the novel where we are tempted to skip pages to learn what in Joe's illicit relationship with Joanna incited him to kill her and flee, is easily overlooked as a thematic crux. But attention to it is essential if we are to discover why Joanna bears the obviously allegorical surname of Burden and why her forebears carry given names as rich in historical connotation as Calvin and Nathaniel.

An astonishing symmetry emerges when the biographical and psychological data contained in the accounts of Joanna and Joe are assembled. The forces which shaped Christmas are identical with those which shaped Joanna. Only on one issue—the status of the Negro—are the forebears of Christmas

and Joanna opposed. The encounter and mutual destruction of Joe and Joanna, each the product of identical but conflicting impulses in the culture which produced them, represent, therefore, a profound irony of history. On the highest level of significance, Christmas and Joanna Burden are historical symbols, dramatic personifications of cultural forces. To understand the cunning with which Faulkner has personified in two neurotic personalities forces at work in the culture of the South, it is necessary to trace the psychological problems of Joe Christmas and Joanna Burden in the process of formation, to recognize the relevance of all that is specifically given us about their personal and social past.

Christmas' problem of self-identity is created, first of all, by his grandfather, "Doc" Hines, who shapes Joe's early years according to a fantastic vision. The general impression left upon the reader by Hines is that he is a raving lunatic; certainly, the sanity of a man who abducts his own grandson, both of whose parents he has in effect killed, and who watches over the infant with a hatred more doting than the intensest love, is at best dubious. He revels in the dietitian's torment when she is found by little Joe in "lechery and fornication" with wild exultation. No less frenzied is his incitation of the mob, almost thirty years later, to "Kill the bastard."

The motives underlying Hines's conduct, tinged as they are with madness, are not easily discerned, but the importance of Hines's mission in the life of Christmas requires that we sift the data concerning him with extreme care.

At the time of Christmas' birth, Hines was in his forties. What his occupation had been in the years preceding is idly speculated upon by the citizens of Mottstown after he settles there. Of the various theories put forward, some derisively, that most generally held (and that which best accords with all that is elsewhere given about him) is that he had once been a minister. At this stage of his life he bears little resemblance to the frothing dotard who is to demand Christmas' violent death. He is

... a hard man, in his prime, a man who should have been living a hard and active life, and whom time, circumstance, something, had betrayed, sweeping the hale body and thinking of a man of fortyfive into a backwater suitable for a man of sixty or sixtyfive.

The people of Mottstown recognize that some intense private conviction has taken him out of a realm in which he once exercised authority:

... he talked a little about himself, with a self confidence not alone of the independent man, but with a further quality, as though at one time in his life he had been better than independent, and that not long ago. . . . It was . . . the confidence of a man who has had the controlling of lesser men and who had voluntarily and for some reason which he believed that no other man would question or comprehend, changed his life.

His religious affiliation is not disclosed, but we may infer from his repeated allusions to God's "foreordained Will," "His Purpose and His Vengeance," that its leanings were Calvinistic. It is also clear that assumptions about the inferiority of the Negro in the eye of God figured in his faith. Historically, such a combination fits well enough the branch of Presbyterianism which, during the religious controversy preceding the Civil War, evolved the theories of Divine sanction for slavery. This branch was no longer officially recognized in the 1890's (when Hines would have been in his forties), yet it was near enough to have caught up a man living in a cultural "slack backwater." The theological reasoning by which Hines brought himself, during the years he lived in Mottstown, to enter remote Negro churches and preach "humility before all skins lighter than theirs" and "the superiority of the white race . . ." had been forged by Southern churchmen some fifty years earlier. The citizenry of Mottstown, who tolerated Hines and his wife without much concern for their activities because the couple was old and ineffectual, had only a vague notion of their mission, believing them just "crazy on the subject of Negroes," or "Maybe . . . Yankees." The couple subsisted al-

most wholly on food brought by Negroes in a confused return of gratitude for the white man's "selfdedication to the saving of Negro souls" on a demeaning Biblical argument. The Hineses persisted, Faulkner suggests, as cultural anachronisms "like two homeless and belated beasts from beyond the glacial period."

Adherence to a doctrine of white supremacy maintained on religious grounds is sufficient to account for the shattering of Hines's past when, by a fate he could not avert (though he tried desperately enough to procure an abortionist for his daughter), a presumed part-Negro child is born of his own blood. Such an event, impossible in his eyes as a true expression of God's will as set forth in the Bible, he can only construe as an extraordinary providence, representing God's will in reverse, divine "vengeance." Snatching the child up from its dead mother's body and seeing that it will live, Hines pronounces the significance of its birth in the eyes of the Lord and declares his own future role in relation to it: "It's the Lord God's abomination, and I am the instrument of His will." The "abomination" had, in Hines's construction of God's inscrutable purpose, no human spiritual identity. It was "dead to God." Hines's life henceforth is given over to waiting for the evil which is to come from evil.

Depositing the child on the doorstep of a white orphanage (thereby to enhance its opportunity to bring about evil), he finds his omen-seeking act rewarded when on Christmas Eve the dietitian and her physician lover, desecrating the sacred anniversary with eggnog and lovemaking, discover the "abomination" wrapped in its blanket and name it carelessly in honor of the day, or—as Hines sees it—"in sacrilege" of God's Son. He now takes a janitor's job at the orphanage, and from his station in the yard watches the "abomination" until the intensity of his gaze is felt by both the boy and his playmates, setting Christmas apart and evoking the pejorative, "nigger." Hines notes with assurance that God is actively "... polluting the earth with the working of that word on him," just as he

is convinced that the dietitian's dilemma, upon discovering that Joe may have been witness to her act of surreptitious carnality, is a further confirmation of evil by evil. He is as profoundly obsessed by the sinfulness of sexuality in all its aspects (he had pronounced the onset of his daughter's menses "the womansign of God's abomination"), as by the spiritual inferiority of blacks to whites.

By the time young Christmas has completed his stay at the orphanage, Hines's hatred, the dietitian's deviousness, and the children's epithets have already crystallized for him into a puzzled awareness of his peculiar alienation. Of Hines he asks, when rejection by the other children has forced him to lonely reflection: "Is God a nigger too?" To which the bigot replies, with wild irrelevance: "He is the Lord God of wrathful hosts, His will be done. . . ." Looking next to the Negro working in the yard to establish some identification, Christmas asks: "How come you are a nigger?" To which the colored worker replies, resenting the term of address innocently employed: "Who told you I am a nigger, you white trash bastard? . . . You are worse than that. You don't know what you are . . . And more than that, you wont never know. . . . God ain't no nigger." The effect of these words upon the five-year-old orphan is shuddering to contemplate.

These exchanges soon faded from conscious recollection, but they did not fade from consciousness ("Memory believes before knowing remembers."). During his boyhood and adolescence with the McEacherns, the question of Christmas' origins was never raised beyond McEachern's futile attempt to pry assurances from the stubbornly "liberal" matron. The course which Faulkner has sketched out as crucial in Christmas' psychological development continues, however, to be one in which religion is the most pervasive influence.

McEachern lacks Hines's belligerence of temperament; he is a self-mastered, predictable man. But he is equally a dogmatist of the sect which places God on a "wrathful and retributive Throne," and conceives life on earth to be a penance of

toil for man's original sins, the whole book of which he holds Joe accountable for at one point: "sloth, ingratitude, irreverence . . . blasphemy . . . lying . . . and lechery." His sect is Presbyterian. What is more, he is Scotch, and Scotch Presbyterianism in the South was known for its extreme literalism of Calvinistic doctrine. An enormous Bible and an opened Presbyterian catechism lie on the lamp-table in his parlor. He is a faithful communicant; even though other churches are nearby, he drives a whole hour to attend the Presbyterian church, five miles away. He sets himself expiations, and in his prayers at table he not only gives thanks for his food but asks forgiveness for the need to eat it. In the unforgettable scene in which Joe faints from hunger because McEachern has not yielded on the memorizing of the catechism, the inhuman coldness of the man is what chiefly shocks us. We remember only on second thought the object involved—the book of elemental instructions in the principles of his faith—which authorizes McEachern's persistence in his own mind.

At worst, McEachern is not perversely cruel; this is why the boy comes to feel a certain security with his foster father. McEachern's actions always conform to his principles, but these principles, as he understands and applies them, are merciless. They make no provision for human frailty; they outlaw the affections. The Calvinistic conception of an austere Providence and of divinely delegated order in secular government—in this case government of the family—sets forth for him his rôle as a father, just as it had determined the rôle into which he had cast himself as a husband. Mrs. McEachern's subordination had been long ago accomplished. "Timid," "hunched," with a "beaten face," she looked "fifteen years older than the rugged and vigorous husband . . . as if she were the medium and . . . the husband the control." McEachern's sovereignty over her is moral, impersonal, and absolute: "Kneel down, Woman," he orders, when he discovers her attempted collaboration in Joe's lie about his suit, "Ask grace and pardon of God, not of me."

His duties as a parent he accepts in the spirit of a steward-

ship emanating from God and entailing above all the responsibility of moral-theological discipline; To the matron at the orphanage he had declared of Joe: "... he will eat my bread and observe my religion." To Joe, on the ride home, he had said: "You will find food and shelter and the care of Christian people. For I will have you learn that the two abominations are sloth and idle thinking, the two virtues are work and the fear of God."

McEachern replaces Joe's "heathenish" name with his own, takes him regularly to church, assigns him a round of chores, and when Joe reaches adolescence gives him a calf for his first private possession. Outwardly, this regimen has much to commend it. Unfortunately, since every element of this program derives in McEachern from a sense of duty which refuses to communicate itself through affection, it is rejected by the boy emotionally even while he submits physically, with impassive demeanor. The name Christmas he restores at his first opportunity (while talking to the waitress during their first private conversation); the church-going affects him so adversely that association with any of the girls who attend he rules out of the question *a priori*. ("To do so would be . . . a retraction of his religious hatred.") He stealthily sells the calf, realizing, no doubt—as McEachern tells him soon enough—that his status as possessor is ambiguous, his title to the calf being meant as just another lesson: "To teach you . . . responsibility of the owner to that which he owns under God's suffrance."

Sexual phobia was commonly enough an accompaniment of Calvinistic rigor. McEachern possesses it no less than does Hines. His clairvoyant knowledge of the place where Christmas has taken Bobbie to dance is the seeming "intuition" which is bred of repressed speculation; he has long been fighting Christmas' "temptations" vicariously. His enraged outburst in the dance hall (he had never met the girl; and the dance itself was in the schoolhouse, attended mostly by simple country boys): "Away Jezebel, away harlot!" is completely unwarranted.

McEachern's ultra-puritanical attitude drives Christmas to express through sexual activity his impulses of defiance and escape, and his longing for some undefinable cessation of his tensions which he calls "peace." Northward and westward, through white communities and black, Christmas journeys on a road which never ends, telling the facts of his Negro origins to the white prostitutes with whom he consorts, trying to absorb their meaning from the black woman whom he takes for a while as wife. Acceptance is not what he seeks, in actuality; had it been, he would have found it, for he is not always turned away. Lacking self-acceptance, he cannot tolerate acceptance by others, even when it is tentatively offered. Over and over he enacts a pattern of defiance and flight, carrying with him his "Calvinistic burden," the heritage of those who have reared him, bearing the psychic weight of multiple rejections—rejection before God, rejection as Negro, rejection as human being. Rigid, solitary, cold, with a latent compulsion toward a joyless violence, he finds "peace" nowhere. At thirty-three, the momentum of his flight propels him into relationship with Joanna, into whose kitchen he breaks to steal food.

Joanna Burden is the granddaughter of Calvin Burden, an anti-slavery agitator from New England, who in the 1880's had been shot by Colonel Sartoris "over a question of Negro voting." She is the daughter of Nathaniel Burden, who had settled in Jefferson during the Reconstruction after having received a commission from the government to come South "to help with the freed Negroes." A spinster, now living alone on the outskirts of Jefferson, she is, like Hines and his wife, disregarded by the townsfolk, who dismiss her as a Yankee, "crazy on the subject of Negroes." She devotes herself primarily to the cause of Negro education. Her voluminous mail consists of correspondence with ". . . the presidents and faculties and trustees . . . and . . . young girl students and even alumnae, of a dozen Negro schools and colleges throughout the South." These schools she also visits, and—in complete disregard of what she knows to be the attitudes of Jefferson—receives alone

the Negroes who come to her house seeking educational advice. She gives her personal business affairs, "including her will, with instructions for the disposal of her body after death," into the hands of a Negro lawyer who is a trustee of one of the schools she assists. Negroes come through the woods to her house, bringing dishes of food in expression of their gratitude.

So single-minded a dedication to an inherently good cause deserves admiration; yet, in the terms of the novel Joanna's mission brings about Christmas' "crucifixion," as well as her own violent death. The meaning of this meliorative impulse must therefore be established unmistakably. For its delineation Faulkner uses both the account which Joanna gives Christmas of her forebears and the psychological analysis of Joanna which is implicit in her conduct during the love affair.

The religious orientation of the Burden "mission," suggested in the given name of Joanna's grandfather, is without question its most determining aspect. Calvin Burden, whose early years were spent in New Hampshire, professed Unitarianism, which we associate chiefly with New England and which is the direct historical descendant of Calvinism. Calvin Burden left New Hampshire in the 1820's or 1830's, at a time when New England Unitarianism was a modification of Calvinism only to the extent that it differed on the doctrine of the Trinity and that it placed greater emphasis upon practical Christianity, but its core (the Five Articles, including total depravity) remained essentially the same. Calvin's own father, Nathaniel Burrington,¹ the minister who named his son in honor of the great Protestant reformer, was, of course, a Calvinist. In his home, we may presume, he applied the principles of the older faith with unyielding strictness; young Calvin rebelled at the age of twelve by running away and becoming converted to Catholicism.

In California Calvin spent a year in a Catholic monastery; ten years later, dissatisfied with the stand of the Catholic

¹ Calvin, nearly illiterate, changed the family name from Burrington to Burden to simplify the spelling.

church on slavery (he was living in Missouri during the years of agitation over the repeal of the Missouri Compromise), he turned anti-Catholic, formally renouncing his allegiance. When his first son was born he felt the need to revive his original faith. There being no Unitarian meetinghouse in St. Louis, he created a private version of his inherited religion out of a Spanish Bible he had brought from the mission and from his memory of the sermons he had heard in his boyhood and in the West,

... producing services which interspersed the fine sonorous flowing of mysticism in a foreign tongue with harsh, extemporized dissertations composed half of the bleak and bloodless logic which he remembered from his father on interminable New England Sundays, and half of immediate hellfire and tangible brimstone of which any country Methodist circuit rider would have been proud.

This perversion of his native faith he inflicted upon his children in family services in the parlor on Sunday mornings, driving home mainly two ideas, one theological, in direct descent from the Calvinistic conception of a god of wrath, and the other social, reflecting the same furious righteousness: "I'll learn you to hate two things . . . hell and slaveholders."

Having killed a man in an argument over slavery in St. Louis, he moved westward to Kansas, where he lost an arm in the bloody civil strife in the 1850's as a member of a troop of partisan guerillas. He was much involved in the political aspects of the slavery issue as well, hating the Democrats, but the basis of his anti-slavery conviction was essentially religious. On the day of his son's wedding, having had too much whiskey, he interrupted the ceremony with a speech:

He got off on Lincoln and slavery and dared any man there to deny that Lincoln and the Negro and Moses and the children of Israel were the same and that the Red Sea was just the blood that had to be spilled in order that the black race might cross into the Promised Land.

His son Nathaniel inherited Calvin Burden's anti-Catholic

as well as anti-slavery prejudices, waiting twelve years to legalize his marriage to his Spanish common-law wife rather than allow a priest to perform the ceremony and make his twelve-year-old illegitimate son (also named Calvin) a "heathen." After the war a Washington commission sent him and Calvin Burden to the South to work on behalf of the freed Negroes. An election day argument with an ex-slaveholder, Colonel Sartoris, resulted in the killing of both his father and his son. Whatever fanaticism may have been latent in the man (Joanna remembers very little about her father as a person) was brought out by this event, which left him bereft and embittered. He had thoughts of leaving the South, but the death of his wife deferred the move. He stayed on, and at fifty married again (this time a woman sent to him from New Hampshire), and sired Joanna. The broodings of grief and outrage took him often to the secret burial ground of his slain kin, whose deaths he construed as God's will and the curse of Adam expressing themselves in the Southern race problem. This grim philosophy he expounded to Joanna, then four years old:

Your grandfather and brother are laying there, murdered not by one white man but by the curse which God put on a whole race before your grandfather or your brother or me or you were even thought of. A race doomed and cursed to be forever and ever a part of the white race's doom and curse for its sins. Remember that. His doom and his curse. Forever and ever. Mine. Your mother's. Yours, even though you are a child. The curse of every white child that ever was born or ever will be born. None can escape it. . . . Not even you. Least of all, you.

This extreme puritanism, which to the burden of original Biblical transgression added, for the white man, the burden of supporting the Biblical curse God had put on the sons of Ham, was Joanna Burden's religious heritage. Born late in the lives of parents already set in ideas and outlook, she was unduly exposed to these concepts, unduly "shaped" psychologically. Forty years later she recalls for Christmas, in her touching attempt

to establish communication with him on terms meaningful to her, the impact made by the great descending weight of this compounded moral responsibility upon her childish soul:

... I seemed to see them [Negroes] for the first time not as a people, but as a thing, a shadow in which I lived, we lived, all white people, all other people. I thought of all the children coming forever and ever into the world, white, with the black shadow already falling upon them before they drew breath. And I seemed to see the black shadow in the shape of a cross. And I seemed to see the white babies were struggling, even before they drew breath, to escape from the shadow that was not only upon them but beneath them too, flung out like their arms were flung out, as if they were nailed to the cross. I saw all the babies that would ever be in the world, the ones not yet even born—a long line of them with their arms spread, on the black crosses.

This ghastly vision prefigures her own crucifixion on the black cross of her elected mission, for surely it cannot be doubted that Joanna, any less than Joe, is crucified. Her ugly slaying is no less replete with meaning than Christmas' twenty-year record of theft, assaults, and killings.

But to complete the tracing of a pattern: Joanna's own fanaticism in her mature life is rabid. Prayer is the issue which brings about her murder. In the mounting guilt and remorse of the last phase of her relations with Christmas, she begins to talk to Joe of "hell" and "expiation" and damnation "forever and ever," and to pray privately. Once Joe submits to staying with her during her ritual of penance, watching her "talk to God as if He were a man in the room with two other men," hearing her naming the obscenities which they had engaged in, for which she believed them both to be damned. After Joe's definite and unshakable refusal to become a Negro lawyer, she insists that he pray with her before proceeding to what is, for her, the only resolution of their torment, joint suicide. When he still remains adamant, she backs the request with a pistol. Her words, reflecting a will which has become absolute under

the delusion of having surrendered itself to the Almighty, might be McEachern's: "I don't ask it. It's not I who ask it. Kneel with me."

Two of the occasionally observable concomitants of the more judgmental Protestant sects are suppression of the "soft" emotions and the self-licensing to physical violence in the name of righteousness (often for the outlet of other emotions which have been suppressed). On Christmas' side, the quiescent urge to do something rash has its source and parallel in Hines's murder of Christmas' father, his furious fist-fights, and in McEachern's whippings and onslaught upon the waitress. On Joanna Burden's side the continuity of aggressiveness is even more militant and dangerous. The black pistol with which Joanna threatens Joe had been carried by her grandfather and had been used many times lethally: Joanna's father also had "killed a Mexican who claimed he stole his horse," not to mention the dead or wounded left behind in such enterprises as "helping some Rangers that were cleaning up some kind of mess where some folks had a deputy treed in a dance hall."

Defiance and revolt, as the consequence of a too judicial early training, is no less a pattern in the Burden family than in the life of Joe Christmas. In the former it is given in the bare outlines of family history, in the latter in psychological close-up. Calvin Burden ran away from home at twelve, his son Nathaniel at fourteen. When Nathaniel meets his father again for the first time some sixteen years later, bringing with him his bride, the old man stands ready with the strap to "learn" him not to run away. In Joanna, the affair with Christmas itself symbolizes psychological revenge. Experiencing a hysterical pregnancy in the later stages of the affair, Joanna muses on its value as defiance: "A full measure. Even to a bastard Negro child. I would like to see father's and Calvin's faces."

Sexual repression in modern literature has been associated with New England puritanism so frequently that the meaning of Joanna's sexual conduct with Christmas in the novel hardly requires comment; it is integrally related as a study of the ef-

fects of intense and prolonged repression. On the first occasion that Christmas possesses her, "the . . . untearful and unselfpitying and almost manlike yielding of that surrender" leaves him incredulous: "It was as if he struggled with another man for an object of no value to either." The thwarting of femininity in Joanna, shown also in her plain attire and her imperviousness to fear of living without protection against molestation, has been so complete that she is not aroused even when she gives herself. In Christmas' second attempt she has willed assent beforehand, but she manifests no feeling. Infuriated, Christmas possesses her brutally, with the result that she bars the door to him for over a half-year.

In the second phase, her frigidity manifests itself obversely as nymphomania. There has, of course, been no female surrender, and never is. During the months that Joanna had kept herself aloof, the tensions of long-accumulated desire and guilt, heightened by those of the climacteric, break in a fury of lust. Christmas now finds himself an actor in her drama of wild self-damnation, living "not in sin but in filth." The inventions of her polluted mind now so far exceed his primitive education in depravity that he is stunned. Grasping at its meaning beyond simple carnality, he is perhaps aware, Faulkner suggests, "of the abnegation in it . . .," aware that her "abject fury" is "the New England glacier exposed suddenly to the fire of the New England biblical hell." When remorse begins for Joanna, Christmas observes the wrestling of two personalities within one body with more aloofness, having already acquired detachment by being unfaithful to her on his trips to Memphis. He sees now with greater distinctness the "two sisters" grappling within one psyche: "the cold, contained woman of the first phase, impervious and impregnable . . ." and the one who "in furious denial of that impregnability strove to drown in that black abyss of its own creating that physical purity which had been preserved too long now even to be lost." The "cold, contained" self-directed Joanna of the writing desk and the cotton housedresses is truly the daughter of the widower who

at fifty had ordered from New Hampshire a "good New England woman," an "efficient housekeeper," to be sent him for wife and who had married the stranger on the day of her arrival. She is no less the descendant of her grandfather, that strong-willed Puritan, who had declared on the day of his marriage that he "reckoned he'd better settle down"—referring only to his religious wild oats—and who promptly did so, without further spiritual vacillation.

Joanna, at the height of her orgiastic frenzy, cries out in mad exultation "Negro! Negro!", crowning her triumph in evil by compounding miscegenation with lust. The added value which miscegenation has to her as symbolic evil and defiance suggests a descent from Doc Hines, rather than from a family of Abolitionists. In truth, however, the Burden mission is characterized throughout by a curious ambivalence on the subject of the Negro. Calvin Burden, who often risked—and ultimately lost—his life in the fight to achieve equal rights for Negroes as citizens, greeted with "bewildered outrage" the dark-skinned Spanish wife his son had brought from Mexico. She was the image of his own wife, Evangeline, except for her darker complexion. "Damn, lowbuilt black folks," he maundered, "low because of the weight of the wrath of God, black because of the sin of human bondage staining their blood and flesh. But we done freed them now, both black and white alike. They'll bleach out now. . . ."

Nathaniel, also receiving his mission from the Bible, explains more precisely the "Burden" interpretation of the white man's relation to the black man's curse: "The curse of the black race is God's curse. But the curse of the white race is the black man who will be forever God's chosen own because He once cursed him." Having lived in the South longer than his father, however, Nathaniel is less sure that the Negro will eventually "bleach out"; that is, achieve fundamental equality. Joanna must struggle to "raise the shadow"; but, he warns her, "You can never lift it to your level. I see that now, which I did not see until I came down here."

In Joanna, the sense of Joe's "difference" supplants all awareness of him as a person, reducing itself to three formulas governing three patterns of conduct, all different and contradictory: herself in relation to a Negro in the sexual act; herself in relation to him as the white mistress of a Southern household; and herself in relation to him as an agent for his regeneration. The erotic significance to her of his mixed blood has already been indicated. As a tenant of the deserted cabin (a cabin originally built to house the slaves attached to the plantation whose charred ruins lie in the meadow nearby) and as the frequenter of her house, he is a "nigger," in the social sense that this word is used in common Southern parlance. Although she sets food for him in the kitchen, she never stays while he eats or sits while talking to him (with one exception); she never invites him into the house proper or gives him leave to enter any room but the bedroom, with the result that he feels, as he must—with his own acute awareness of Southern propriety—a perpetual invader.

As the object of her mission he is nothing human at all; he is the Negro race seen "not as a people, but as a thing." The question that she puts to him when, her lust spent, she resumes her enterprise of racial benevolence with new frenzy ("Do you realize you are wasting your life?"), reverberates with irony backward over the whole narrative of Joe's life. The dramatic impact of these words, addressed to the being whom Faulkner has created for us as Joe Christmas, should be sufficient in itself to guarantee Faulkner's immortality; they belong inscribed over the desk of every compulsive do-gooder. Her subsequent projects for the reconstruction of his future all center with deadly accuracy upon the wound of Christmas' unresolved identity. Compared to this, the sheriff's strapping of the Negro who refuses to tell what he knows about Miss Burden's affairs when the manhunt for her slayer is on, is the gentlest humanity. The sheriff comprehends that the Negro's stubborn silence is self-protective uncoöperativeness which has become cultural habit; he acts swiftly and decisively to

protect him from an immediate danger of mob violence which the latter has undercalculated. The contrast is intended; it is one of the many minor implications of the Burden "mission."

Turning to the Christmas-Burden narrative as a whole to survey its dominant themes, we observe that the most prominent on the psychological level is the devastation wrought by morally willed coldness. The fanaticism depicted is, of course, extreme, so that the consequences in alienation and repression are psychopathological, but the overdrawing sharpens the outlines of a pattern recognizable and recurrent in Western culture as perhaps the greatest single source of personal anguish. Because a disturbed personality of necessity imposes its disturbance upon the world, most often fatefully through its own progeny, no surcease of pain can be optimistically forecast. On this level, the Christmas-Burden narrative is a psychological horror story of unprecedented magnitude.

In its broader social application, the theme of alienation and repression is seen in a variety of ways: in relation to criminal violence in modern culture (the murder itself); to sectional violence (the activities of the Hineses and the Burdens, the Civil War, the continuation of the racial conflict in Southern society); and to international violence (World War I, which Percy Grimm was too young to take part in, so that he expresses his drives in the capture of Christmas instead). The vastness of Faulkner's conception here is suggested in the irony that Christmas, martyred by the austerity of a faith rooted in the Old Testament, becomes a symbol of the suffering endured by Christ in the New. The Judeo-Christian religious tradition, therefore, is seen as embodying in its very origins the will to extreme self-suppression and the need to crucify. Christmas, in his agony, revitalizes for us the symbolic meaning of Christ's death. He does not, of course, share Christ's role as a moral teacher. It is Faulkner as artist, creating Christmas as a person stirring our hearts to pity and love, who transfers the essence of the myth. The Christmas-Burden narrative arouses our tender awareness of human existence as "perpetual crucifixion."

On the historical level, the Christmas-Burden narrative pursues a somewhat different line of inquiry. Faulkner is a Southerner whose acute moral consciousness has stimulated him to grapple more deeply with the problems of his historical past than any other American novelist, and his exploration is singularly searching and exact. The setting of the novel is the contemporary South (1925 or 1926), and the question which Joe's murder of Joanna poses is this: In what light is the violence of the modern South, especially on the Negro issue, to be viewed? The entire novel, naturally, has bearing upon this problem; insofar as the Christmas-Burden conflict alone is concerned, it is clear that Faulkner means to indicate that the extreme Calvinism and white supremacy of Hines are native to the South, but that equally rooted in contemporary Southern culture are influences stemming from New England Calvinism. These influences express themselves as impulses for Negro equality and education but are impaired by an excessive valuation of principle over awareness of the Negro as a human being. Joanna and Joe Christmas are symbols of abstract historical forces which meet and clash on Southern ground. In a certain sense, the representation of Joanna as Northern attributes the causes of Southern disturbance to outsiders—to the North—but the old sectional dispute is bypassed by the balancing of Hines and Joanna as perverted reformers; by the representation of Joanna as isolated from community (both North and South); by the greater share of guilt to be borne by the South through the enthusiasm (no longer religious) of the young white supremacist, Percy Grimm; and by the Southern people themselves, of whom Hightower observes:

Pleasure, ecstasy, they cannot seem to bear: their escape from it is in violence, in drinking and fighting and praying; catastrophe, too, the violence identical and apparently inescapable. *And so why should not their religion drive them to crucifixion of themselves and one another?*²

² Faulkner's italics.

And yet, Hightower's equation of Southern religion with Southern violence is not quite Faulkner's. It is Hightower's own attempt to assume a guilt from which the awareness of history as tragedy must eventually free him. He makes this formulation early in his narrative; later he will progress to a better understanding of the Southern religious problem than this. Faulkner himself, as the artist in command, transcends the crisis of Hightower in the story of Lena and Byron. It is well to remember that neither Byron nor Lena, in whom the hope of the future is vested, is disassociated from religion. Byron used to "spend all day singing in country churches" and Lena's pilgrimage is governed by the faith that "the Lord will see to [it]" that a family will "all be together when a chap comes."

In the Christmas-Burden narrative, which poses the religious and cultural problem to be solved, only the older theological and racial attitudes which linger in the modern South are studied. These attitudes, in their earlier aggressive forms, are not general in the South (neither Doc Hines nor Joanna Burden, in thirty years, becomes part of the Southern communities in which they are tolerated), but their inevitable persistence is a spark igniting the tinder among the populace. As Robert Penn Warren, in the interviews comprising the recent volume, *Segregation*, has a young Southerner state, thereby unwittingly summing up the extent to which the South is a prisoner of its own history: "Race prejudice . . . ain't our hate; it's the hate hung on us by the old folks dead and gone." In *Light in August* Faulkner probes the relation of this hate to the entire history of Southern religion. The old Calvinism he condemns, but to the complexity of the Southern religious problem in the novel as a whole he does full justice. No contradiction exists between his recognition of the importance of religion in the South, as seen in *Light in August*, and his appeal to his countrymen in a recent article on segregation:

There are all the voices in fact, except one. That one voice which would adumbrate all into silence, being the superior of all since

it is the living articulation and sovereignty of God and the hope and aspiration of man. The Church, which is the strongest unified force in our Southern life since all Southerners are not white and are not democrats, but all Southerners are religious and serve the same God. . . . Where is that voice now?

BEN BUTLER IN THE CIVIL WAR

ROBERT S. HOLZMAN

THE coming of the Civil War did not find Benjamin F. Butler¹ unprepared. During the winter of 1860-1861, while militiamen in the other Northern states could only meet in armories or look forward to warmer days, he persuaded Governor John A. Andrew of Massachusetts that the Bay State troops should have overcoats. Then they could practice and drill in any weather. The governor authorized the purchase, the cloth being ordered from the Middlesex Company of Lowell. By one of those curious coincidences that kept recurring, a principal stockholder of this company was Ben Butler. Within two years, the company was paying its stockholders annual dividends of 45%.

On April 15, 1861, Secretary of War Cameron requisitioned 1,500 militiamen from Massachusetts. Butler, who had known Cameron when they were both Democrats, persuaded the Secretary specifically to request a brigade. The strategy was simple: if the troops had been ordered by the regiment, each unit would be commanded by a colonel; but a *brigade* obviously would require a brigadier-general to be the commander. It so happened that Butler was outranked in the militia by several Massachusetts officers, but that was a detail that could be overcome. The state did not have available funds to send its troops to Washington as requested, so Butler made a deal with the president of one of Boston's banks. The bank would advance such funds as were needed for the expedition, provided Butler (whose mills were good customers of the bank) were the commander of these troops. The governor had no choice,

¹ In the forty-three years since he was born, the son of a pirate, Butler had made quite a mark in the non-military world. He was a poor boy who had earned a considerable fortune, a self-taught lawyer who had defeated the greatest attorneys in the land, counsel for both capital and labor, an economic liberal who represented vested wealth, a Democrat who was the most powerful figure in Republican Massachusetts, a patriotic Northerner who had been offered high Confederate rank.

and Butler was given command of the brigade. Henceforth he was General Butler.

Thanks to its overcoated preparedness, Butler's advance regiment (the Sixth Massachusetts) was the first state contingent to be dispatched to Washington; but en route, the men were mobbed in Baltimore in what constituted the first bloodshed of the war. Butler rushed forward, and he was assigned to an unprovocative position outside the city to await developments. Lincoln and General-in-chief Scott felt that the pivotal border state of Maryland could only be drawn into the Northern ranks by moderation and consideration: if the North did not seem too eager to grasp Maryland, if all possible assurances could be given that Maryland's institutions would not be violated by the Federal army, if no hints of threat or intimidation were made, maybe, perhaps, Maryland's support could be achieved. But Butler had a military command and he wanted to use it. He burst into Baltimore with his troops and declared martial law. He notified the state legislature that if it passed an ordinance of secession, he would arrest every last man present.² He issued passports, arrested suspicious characters, removed the mayor and police chief of Baltimore. He took possession of the Great Seal, so that no action of the state legislature could be legal unless he approved it.³ Scott was furious at this unauthorized indiscretion and prepared to remove Butler forthwith. That was the moment that President Lincoln decided to name Butler as the first major-general in the United States Volunteers.

Why did Lincoln select a man without military experience for the first such commission? Admittedly Butler was a great lawyer, with the most lucrative practice in New England, but he was not even a political supporter of the administration. He was one of the most influential Democrats in the North, who dominated the party machine in Massachusetts; the support

² J. G. Randall, *The Civil War and Reconstruction* (Boston, 1937), 324.

³ T. A. Bland, *Life of Benjamin F. Butler* (Boston, 1879), 41.

of such a man would do much to indicate that this was not exclusively a Republican war. And if Butler had been allowed to return home in disgrace after Scott's removal order, he could have fomented an anti-administration movement of gigantic proportions. He must not be allowed to return to Massachusetts in anger. His removal at that point might have been a wise military step, but it would have been bad politics. And Lincoln did not make political blunders.

The new major-general was placed in command of Fortress Monroe, Virginia, where he pioneered the use of the Gatling gun⁴ and was the first American commander ever to make effective use of military observation balloons in the field.⁵ He decisively met a problem that was vexing other Federal generals: what could be done with escaped Negroes who wandered into his camp? "I shall hold them as contraband of war," he declared.⁶ A large segment of the Republican Party immediately espoused Butler because of his Negro emancipation policy; here was a Democrat who was the first to effectuate what many Republicans impatiently had been demanding that Lincoln proclaim as a war objective.⁷

But on the battlefield, Butler did not start out so well. He attacked a Confederate position at Big Bethel, thirteen miles below Yorktown, with unfortunate results: no skirmishers were sent out, and his men blundered into a Southern masked battery. His troops, which were advancing in two columns, became panic-stricken and fired at each other, inflicting more casualties than the enemy did. This calamity almost cost Butler his confirmation by the Senate, and his commission was confirmed by a mere majority of two votes. An ancient Mexican War hero, General Wool, was hastily placed at Fortress Monroe to relieve Butler, who was given the strange assignment of command of such troops as were *outside* the fortress.

⁴ *Boston Globe*, January 11, 1863.

⁵ F. Standbury Haydon, *Aeronautics In The Union And Confederate Armies* (Baltimore, 1941), 94.

⁶ Bland, *Life of Benjamin F. Butler*, 50.

⁷ Burton J. Hendricks, *Lincoln's War Cabinet* (Boston, 1946), 229.

When a joint army-navy expedition was dispatched to attack Fort Hatteras, the elderly Wool was quite content to let Butler take active military command. The Massachusetts general was ordered to sink two sand-laden schooners to block Hatteras Inlet, but he proceeded to disobey his orders. Instead, he "demonstrated" against the fort with his transports, which went aground; but the undiscouraged general demanded complete surrender from his grounded and helpless flagship; and he got it. Then, remembering his disregarded orders, he realized that he would have to reach someone of influence in Washington before the naval commander of the expedition could report. Butler bribed a locomotive engineer to speed him to Washington without his train of cars, and Lincoln was aroused to hear the news of the triumph (two small forts of pine logs and sand surrendered, with a commodore). After that, no one thought of disciplining Butler for the episode.

Following this feat, Butler could not very well be returned to take orders from General Wool. The Massachusetts general thought up his own new assignment. To Lincoln he announced that most of the soldiers in the army were Republicans and that Election Day would find most of the administration party vote-less in the field. He therefore proposed to recruit an army of Democrats, to equalize the front-line voters. Lincoln liked this practical idea, and a Department of New England was created, with Butler in charge. The department's function was to recruit troops. But immediately there was severe friction with the governors of the New England states, for at that time the governors had control over commissions to officers of volunteers; and Butler was vehemently opposed by the local authorities. The governor of Massachusetts declared that troops raised by Butler would not be entitled to the aid granted by the legislature to the families of volunteers; Butler countered by getting an order from the War Department specifying that all men enlisting under his command would get a special bounty not available to other enlistments.⁹

⁹ Benjamin F. Butler, *Butler's Book* (Boston, 1892), 310.

Early in 1862, Butler contrived, by means of some judicious wire-pulling in Washington, to get the military command of a joint army-navy assault upon New Orleans. When Flag Officer Farragut's officers passed the forts protecting that city, New Orleans was helpless; and on May 1st, Farragut turned over command of the Crescent City to Butler.⁹ An angry mob faced the general as he landed, but with courage that was almost insolent he rode about the city without an escort. With 2,500 troops, he forcibly dominated the population of 168,000. He quickly hanged William B. Mumford, a local hero who had torn down the United States flag.¹⁰ Shop-keepers who refused to sell to Union soldiers were fined or their merchandise was auctioned off by the Provost Marshal.¹¹ Contractors who refused to work for the army were imprisoned.¹² A woman, who had laughed when the funeral cortege of a Northern officer passed her residence, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.¹³

Butler ordered the suspension of the circulation of all Confederate bills and notes, but persons who had deposited Confederate currency prior to the order were given some compensation. He devised an original plan of poor relief by obtaining a schedule of persons who had subscribed money for the "reasonable purposes of defending the city against the Government of the United States," and these persons were assessed the exact same amounts to succor the needy. Brokers and planters who refused to bring produce into the city were also assessed "contributions" to make up for the food shortages that their activities had occasioned. But he did not let it be forgotten that he was more than a quartermaster, declaring that "The hand

⁹ Alfred T. Mahan, *Admiral Farragut* (New York, 1905), 177.

¹⁰ Albert Kautz, "Incidents of the Occupation of New Orleans," *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, xxxiii, 455 (July, 1880).

¹¹ Marion Southwood, "Beauty And Booty:" *The Watchword of New Orleans* (New York, 1867), 63.

¹² James Parton, *General Butler In New Orleans* (New York, 1864), 407.

¹³ John Smith Kendall, *History Of New Orleans* (Chicago, 1922), 1, 283.

that cuts your bread can cut your throat."¹⁴ Yet he could be considerate of his foes. When the wife of the Confederate General Beauregard became gravely ill in New Orleans, Butler offered to send this officer a safe-conduct pass and full protection for a visit.¹⁵

All civil officers and attorneys were directed to take an oath of allegiance in order to continue their functions; likewise, all persons who had sought any privilege from the government (such as permits or licenses) had to take an oath, as did those who claimed the right to have payments made to them. All weapons were confiscated, a system of informers' fees making for strict enforcement.

Butler's foreign relations were strained. Foreign consuls were very important in New Orleans because the city thrived so largely through the use of foreign capital, and there was a sizable foreign population. The consuls, for their part, assumed the role of protecting their nationals from what they regarded as Butler's unconstitutional laws; and, more importantly, they knew that they had access to the State Department in case of need. When the consuls protested about the forced loyalty oath, Butler invited them to go home. Army-trained foreigners who had formed themselves into European brigades for protection after the Confederate army withdrew were now given their choice of disbandment or banishment.¹⁶ Money that foreigners deposited with their consuls in New Orleans was confiscated by Butler on the ground that these were really Confederate funds. Consular mail was intercepted and opened. After friction was engendered with the consuls of Great Britain, France, Prussia, Spain, Russia, the Netherlands, and Greece, the Secretary of State sent a special agent to New Orleans "to investigate and report upon the complaints made by

¹⁴ Southwood, "*Beauty and Booty*," 28.

¹⁵ B. F. Butler to Pierre T. Beauregard, Butler Manuscript in the Library of Congress, Washington, December 5, 1862.

¹⁶ Ella Lonn, *Foreigners In The Confederacy* (Chapel Hill, N. C., 1940), 114.

foreign consuls against the late military proceedings."¹⁷ Six weeks of investigation followed, after which all of the cases were decided adversely to Butler. He was philosophic about his reversals, and to the Dutch consul he declared, "I have made larger sacrifices than this for my country."

Butler's international relations were complicated by sex. New Orleans women defiantly wore Southern flags upon their persons; on the streets, they ostentatiously pulled aside their skirts when a Federal soldier was passing, to avoid contamination. They sneered at the Union troops, made sarcastic references to them, and taught their children to sing Secessionist airs. When a Southern lady turned her back on Butler, he loudly exclaimed: "Those women evidently know which end of them looks best." The crowning insult came when Admiral Farragut was doused with a vessel of what Butler euphemistically called "not very clean water." So on May 15, 1862, Butler issued General Order No. 28:

As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subjected to repeated insults from the women (calling themselves ladies) of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous noninterference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered, that hereafter, when any female shall, by word, gesture, or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation.¹⁸

When the mayor objected, he was summarily removed, with his chief of police; and Butler himself took over the direction of the municipal government. From all quarters came blasts of disapproval of the "Woman Order." In the House of Commons, Prime Minister Palmerston publicly blushed to think that a member of the Anglo-Saxon race could issue such an order, and British public opinion swerved sharply towards the

¹⁷ Bernard C. Steiner, *Life of Reverdy Johnson* (Baltimore, 1914), 58.

¹⁸ Bland, *Life of Benjamin F. Butler*, 96.

Confederate cause.¹⁹ Charles Sumner wrote the general that in France, the name of Butler was now being used to frighten children.²⁰

Butler's relations with the clergy were equally strained, for he insisted that they take an oath of loyalty. He refused to let a clergyman claim that he was neutral. When an Episcopal church omitted the customary prayer for the President of the United States, Butler had the church closed. A clergyman asked, "Well, general, are you going to shut up the churches?" Butler replied: "No, sir; I am more likely to shut up the ministers." He did so, filling the places of the deposed clergymen with army chaplains.

But with businessmen, Butler's relations were excellent. He issued passes that permitted trading through enemy lines, and those who could obtain these permits enjoyed the huge profits of a near-monopoly. One of the chief beneficiaries was the general's brother, Andrew, who happened to be in the city. Yet the general indignantly denied that his brother had made a substantial gain because of his connections; despite rumors, declared the commander, Andrew's profits in the four-month period were less than \$200,000.

One of General Butler's more serious problems in New Orleans was yellow fever. In an ordinary year, it was not unusual for as many as 10% of the city's population to be killed; in 1853, the yellow fever toll was 25%. In 1862, with so many thousands of "unacclimated" Northern soldiers in the city, it was feared that the death rate would be exceedingly high; and there was much uneasiness. Some of the city's physicians refused to aid Butler in his efforts to prepare for the epidemic season, for patriots hoped that yellow fever would drive out the Yankees. Accordingly, the general studied up on the sub-

¹⁹ Donaldson Jordan and Edwin J. Pratt, *Europe And The American Civil War* (Boston, 1931), 113.

²⁰ Benjamin F. Butler, *Private And Official Correspondence* (Northwood, Mass., 1917), II, 520.

ject himself. He imposed strict quarantines on ships from areas where the disease was known to be raging; he introduced a rigid program of cleanliness and garbage disposal. As a result, there were only two cases of the fever reported.

Butler's severity brought many complaints, but one of the most frequently heard charges was untrue. He was accused of stealing silver spoons when he dined out; and for the remainder of his life he was identified with stolen spoons, despite well-documented denials.²¹

When Butler could not get troops reinforced through regular War Department channels, he wrote directly to his friends in the Senate. But when even this strategem did not work to his complete satisfaction, the general decided to form a Negro regiment, despite Lincoln's known objections. He wrote to the Secretary of State about this, telling of his colored soldiers, "the darkest of whom will be about the complexion of the late Mr. Webster."²²

Finally the Confederate president issued a remarkable proclamation, in which he declared that Butler was an enemy of mankind who was to be hanged immediately upon capture. Even his officers were to be reserved for execution if they were caught.

By the end of 1862, Lincoln removed Butler from the New Orleans command. It was estimated that the Secretary of State had been spending half of his time on complaints of foreign ministers about Butler's administration,²³ and it has been said that the United States Government yielded to the pressure of foreign states, the good will of which had to be kept at all costs.²⁴ Many sound reasons might be advanced as to why But-

²¹ See William Dana Orcutt, "Ben Butler And The 'Stolen Spoons,'" *North American Review*, CCVII, 66 (January, 1918).

²² John G. Nicolay and John Hay, *Abraham Lincoln, A History* (New York, 1890), VI, 450.

²³ Thornton Kirkland Lothrop, *William Henry Seward* (Boston, 1898), 323.

²⁴ Thomas Ewing Dabney, "The Butler Regime In Louisiana," *The Louisiana Historical Quarterly*, XVII, 487 (April, 1944).

ler *might* have been superseded, but they are all in the realm of conjecture.

When the general reached New York, a holograph letter from Lincoln awaited him:

I believe you have a family, and I dislike to deprive you of an early visit to them. But I really wish to see you at the earliest moment. I am contemplating a peculiar and important service for you, which I think, and hope you will think, is as honorable as it is important. I wish to confer with you about it. Please come immediately after your arrival at New York.²⁵

Butler hurried to Washington, but he could get no straightforward answer as to why he had been replaced by General Banks. Nor was he able to obtain another assignment, although the President toyed seriously with the idea of sending him back to the Mississippi in a commander's capacity.²⁶ So Butler returned to his home in Lowell. It was almost a year before another sufficiently important assignment could be found for him, the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina.

Here the Massachusetts general was under the direct orders of the only man in the army who outranked him, Lieutenant-General Grant, and Butler's troops were assigned a significant role in Grant's advance upon Richmond. Yet Butler let himself be outmanoeuvred by Beauregard, and the Northerner retreated up a peninsula, so that his men could only have resumed a ground advance through a narrow, easily-defended strip of earth. This opening was but four miles wide and, noted Grant, "it was therefore as if Butler was in a bottle."²⁷ The entire advance on the Confederate capital collapsed; and from Fortress Monroe, where she had been waiting, Mrs. Butler wrote to her husband a poignant letter: "I actually have

²⁵ Abraham Lincoln to B. F. Butler, Butler Manuscript, December 9, 1862.

²⁶ Draft of Lincoln letter dated February 11, 1863 in the Butler Manuscript.

²⁷ Ulysses S. Grant, *Personal Memoirs* (New York, 1886), II, 152.

bought a carriage hat of straw, white velvet, and a long white feather. I thought it would but barely answer to grace the taking of Richmond. I will instantly send it home and order it put in the darkest closet in the attic."²⁸

Meanwhile, Butler's corps commanders complained to Grant of their superior officer's military ineptitude, but the lieutenant-general declined to do anything about it. Grant's fear of antagonizing Butler is one of the great mysteries of the war, for the former was not politically ambitious at that time. One of Grant's biographers has suggested that the lieutenant-general was afraid that Butler would publicize the well-known stories of drunkenness;²⁹ yet since every one knew of Grant's weakness, blackmail seems an illogical explanation. In any event, it was the complaining corps commanders themselves who were removed for ineptitude.

Halleck, the army chief-of-staff in Washington, sympathized with Grant's predicament. If Butler were sent to Kentucky, he wrote to the lieutenant-general, an insurrection probably would be caused there; the same thing would happen if Butler were sent to Missouri; and if he were sent to the West, "I anticipate very serious results." As for himself, Halleck confessed, he could give no orders to Butler, who outranked him.³⁰

Interference from Washington was something that Butler would not brook. Believing that a reporter actually was a spy sent by the Secretary of War to keep an eye on him, the Massachusetts general ordered the newspaperman "to remain in the trenches, where they say it is impossible that he should escape being shot."³¹

²⁸ Butler, *Correspondence*, IV, 245.

²⁹ W. E. Woodward, *Meet General Grant* (New York, 1928), 347. See also William Farrar Smith, *From Chattanooga to Petersburg Under Generals Grant And Butler* (Boston, 1893), 28, where one of Butler's generals expressed the same belief.

³⁰ *Official Records Of The Rebellion* (Washington, 1880-1901), Series I, XI, Part II, 598.

³¹ Butler, *Correspondence*, IV, 567.

One of Butler's major assignments was the direction of the exchange of army prisoners with the Confederates. He was given this assignment, not only to keep him busy at non-military matters, but because Grant was disinclined to make exchanges. The lieutenant-general knew that the Southerners were at the bottom of the man-power barrel, whereas the North's personnel resources were almost unlimited. Grant believed that exchanges would not be made, as the Southerners would not deal with Butler; and for a time this proved to be the case,³² until the dire need for exchanges caused the Confederates to agree to terms.

Butler could not get along with army officers who were West Pointers. "The less of West Point a man has the more successful he will be."³³ He never forgot that in his youth, entry to the Military Academy had been denied him.³⁴ Nor did he have good relations with the navy. He quarreled with the sister service because it would not take ships of 15-foot draft up rivers ten feet deep. He openly accused naval commanders of cowardice, and he declared that since the sinking of one warship, "some of the officers of the navy have 'torpedo on the brain.'"³⁵

Butler's discipline was so strict that Lincoln was obliged to order him to suspend all death sentences in his department until further orders.³⁶ It was said that the President hesitated about pardoning one sentenced soldier; finally he signed the pardon, exclaiming, "By jingo, Butler or no Butler, here goes!"³⁷

But the hatred of Butler in the Union forces was as nothing compared to the repulsion he engendered in the South. The then Colonel John B. Gordon of the Sixth Alabama rallied his

³² Richard S. West, Jr., *Gideon Welles* (Indianapolis, 1943), 292.

³³ *Butler's Book*, 867.

³⁴ Caleb Cushing to Charlotte Butler, Butler Manuscript, February 17, 1836.

³⁵ *Report Of The Joint Committee On The Conduct Of The War* (Washington, 1865), II, 27.

³⁶ *Official Records Of The Rebellion*, Series II, VI, 683.

³⁷ Wayne Whipple, *The Story-Life Of Lincoln* (n.p., 1908), 564.

men on the battlefield with a reference "to the infamous Butler,"³⁸ and Louisiana regiments charged with the slogans "Butler and New Orleans!" and "Boys, remember Butler!"³⁹ When Robert E. Lee learned that his captured son was being sent to New York instead of being taken to a prison camp in Virginia, he was well satisfied, "as any place would be better than Fort Monroe, with Butler in command."⁴⁰

Butler's department included those counties in Virginia that had remained loyal to the Union. Here a government had been set up under Francis H. Pierpont. But Butler ignored Pierpont's civil administration and set up military rule. Lincoln did nothing about disciplining the Massachusetts commander, and the Attorney General of the United States wrote in his diary: "My heart is sick, when I see the President shrinking from the correction of gross and heinous wrong because he is afraid 'Genl. Butler will raise a hub-bub about it.'"⁴¹

When the presidential election drew near in 1864, Butler's name was in many minds. As the war progressed, dissatisfied radicals, both Republican and Democrat, began to turn to him. Chase, the ambitious Secretary of the Treasury, offered Butler the vice-presidency on *his* ticket, but the general declined; after all, if he could capture Richmond before the conventions, he could count on heading a ticket. Lincoln wanted a Democrat as his running mate, and Butler seemed to be a desirable choice, for as a leading Democrat and a soldier with a popular war record, he would have been a decided menace to the President as an opponent. Lincoln thus sent former Secretary of War Cameron to make Butler an offer. Tell Lincoln, said the Massachusetts general, that "with the prospects of the campaign, I would not quit the field to be Vice-President, even with himself as President, unless he will give me bond with

³⁸ Douglas Southall Freeman, *Lee's Lieutenants* (New York, 1942-1944), I, 251.

³⁹ Alfred Hoyt Bill, *The Beleaguered City* (New York, 1946), 121.

⁴⁰ Douglas Southall Freeman, *R. E. Lee* (New York, 1935), III, 211.

⁴¹ Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln, The War Years* (New York, 1936), III, 208.

sureties, in the full amount of his four years' salary, that he will die or resign within three months after his inauguration."⁴² Within six weeks of his inauguration, Lincoln was dead.

But politics did not take up all of Butler's non-military time. A steady stream of materials, including war supplies, went from the North through Butler's lines, under the protection of licenses that the general issued. Payment was sometimes made in Southern cotton. His brother, Andrew, was now dead, but the family was still able to carry on, thanks to the business genius of a brother-in-law. The Cabinet knew what was going on, but no objections were raised officially.⁴³ In time, Butler's business activities in his district reached the attention of the local tax assessor, who demanded a schedule of the general's income for tax purposes; but Butler replied that "while I remain in this District where martial law is predominant, and I am the executor thereof, it would be exceedingly difficult for you to collect the tax."⁴⁴

Butler was a vigorous innovator, and unorthodoxy never disturbed him. He proposed a fire engine to squirt water on Confederate earthworks to wash them down, or a garden hose to shoot liquid fire at the enemy, or an advance into Richmond through secret tunnels. Then he conceived the idea of blowing up a dynamite ship near some Southern fort, so that, while the defenders were stunned by concussion, they could be easily captured. Fort Fisher, which commanded the approaches of the Cape Fear River, seemed a likely objective; and the Navy agreed to supply the necessary armada, under Admiral Porter. As Butler and Porter were not on speaking terms, the arrangements had to be worked out through intermediaries; but eventually the expedition set out, Butler's transports far ahead of their protecting convoy. The powder ship was detonated and

⁴² Benjamin F. Butler, "Vice-Presidential Politics In '64," *North American Review*, CXLII, 332 (October, 1885).

⁴³ Gideon Welles, *Diary* (Boston, 1911), I, 544.

⁴⁴ Butler, *Correspondence*, III, 339.

Butler landed his troops, but as the explosion was found to have damaged the fort not at all, the soldiers were hastily recalled to their ships, except for the 700 men who were overlooked in the excitement.

This tremendous fiasco was too much even for Grant, and he wrote to Lincoln to request Butler's removal. On January 8, 1865, the Massachusetts general was relieved of his command and ordered home. He made a touching farewell address to his army, in which he said: "I have refused to order the useless sacrifice of the lives of such soldiers, and I am relieved from your command. The wasted blood of my men does not stain my garments."⁴⁵

To the Secretary of the Navy it was apparent why Grant had requested the removal of the general that he dared not remove himself. "Butler's greater intellect overshadowed Grant, and annoyed and embarrassed the General-in-Chief."⁴⁶

Meanwhile a second assault against Fort Fisher was mounted by a joint army-navy expedition. At that particular time, Butler was in Washington, explaining to the Committee on the Conduct of the War that the fort could not be taken by assault. At just that inopportune moment, newsboys were heard calling out an extra, "Fort Fisher done took!" "Of course they all laughed," recalled General Sherman, "and none more heartily than General Butler himself."⁴⁷

Butler had to sit out the remaining months of the war at his Lowell home. He made frequent trips to Washington, and on one occasion he told Lincoln that he would accept the command of a group of 150,000 Negro soldiers to dig an Isthmian canal. The presidential assassination prevented full consideration of this project; yet as Butler had mastered yellow fever at New Orleans, conceivably he could have solved the great problems of canal construction.

After Appomattox, Butler hoped to see Jefferson Davis tried

⁴⁵ *Butler's Book*, 888.

⁴⁶ Welles, *Diary*, II, 223.

⁴⁷ W. T. Sherman, *Memoirs* (New York, 1891), II, 242.

for treason by a military commission of major-generals, to be presided over by the senior major-general of the army, one Benjamin F. Butler. But this was not to be. So he cautiously asked the Secretary of War when the wartime commissions would be cancelled. On October 26, 1865, the Secretary informed him that Grant was about to cancel these commissions. Butler at once resigned, "learning that the Government has no further need of service from me as a Major General. . . ."⁴⁸ No one was going to fire *him!*

⁴⁸ Butler, *Correspondence*, v, 677.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE
AND NEW ORLEANS:
A STUDY IN HATE

JOSEPH P. ROPPOLO

DURING the more than one hundred years since it was published, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the abolitionist novel by Harriet Beecher Stowe, has been considered important primarily because of its function in American history. Before 1861 the book was, to the North, an exposé of the evils of the institution of slavery and, to the South, a slanderous and vicious attack on a comfortable and even moral way of life.¹ It was, beyond all doubt, so potent an instrument of sectional dissension that even today the average reader's mind retains the compelling picture of Abraham Lincoln smiling down at Mrs. Stowe and exclaiming, "So you're the little woman who wrote the book that made this great war!"²

That picture evokes, inevitably, the bitter, long-range memories (third and fourth hand now, or more) of sectional hates and prejudices, of the War Between the States, and of the Reconstruction period, through which no clear view of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as literature or of its author as artist is possible. The book has become a symbol and its characters—Uncle Tom, Topsy, Simon Legree, and even Little Eva—types which, with no regard for literary merit or the lack of it, refuse to die.³ The

¹ Eugene Current-García, "Southern Literary Criticism and the Sectional Dilemma," *The Journal of Southern History*, xv (1949), 339-340: "In the eyes of Southerners, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was fiction of the basest sort, incompatible with its essence and alien to its original purpose." Northern sentiment was "almost universally favorable."

² George F. Whicher, "Literature and Conflict," *Literary History of the United States* (New York, 1948), I, 563. The quotation varies. See, for example, Jay B. Hubbell, *The South in American Literature, 1607-1900* (Durham, N. C., 1954), 386: "So this is the little lady who made the big war!"

³ Of the numerous books in which Uncle Tom is used as a symbol of subjection and subservience, only two need be mentioned here: Richard Wright's *Uncle Tom's Children*, which won a \$500 award from *Story* magazine in 1938 and which has since appeared in several hard-cover editions and in paper-back form under the Penguin imprint, and J. C. Furnas's *Goodbye to Uncle Tom*, published in 1956 by Sloane. Interestingly, there is in New Orleans today at 2236 Jackson Avenue a Negro tavern called Uncle Tom's Cabin.

author has been submerged: Mrs. Stowe at best is merely an appendage to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

This situation did not exist when the book was new. Then to the North Mrs. Stowe was a heroine, an instrument of God; but to the South she was a monster, an instrument of the Devil, the natural object of a violent and strangely personal hatred that developed as rapidly as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* achieved popularity.⁴ Widespread throughout the South, this hatred was especially virulent in New Orleans because New Orleans followed—and to some extent still follows—the prevailing Southern attitude toward both book and author and because New Orleans had its own specific quarrels with Mrs. Stowe. Loftily condescending, sometimes petty, often vindictive and bitter, the published attacks on Mrs. Stowe by her New Orleans contemporaries are unequaled (perhaps with good reason) even by the published attacks on that other New Orleans enemy, General Benjamin F. Butler. The result is a remarkably, even uniquely, full and clear record for a study in hate.

I

When the first installment of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared on June 5, 1851, in *The National Era*, an anti-slavery journal, New Orleans publications, like the majority of their Southern counterparts, were silent. After the serial had run its course on April 1, 1852, they still remained silent. An abolitionist story in an abolitionist paper of limited circulation was, apparently, nothing to create concern. The appearance of the story in novel form in March, 1852, also seems to have occasioned no immediate distress, unless continued silence be considered a symptom.⁵ New Orleans newspapers (the *Daily Picayune*, the

⁴ Forrest Wilson, in *Crusader in Crinoline: The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe* (New York, 1941), 297, reports that after publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* "Southern mothers began to hold Harriet up before their children as a wicked ogress."

⁵ Apparently not applicable to New Orleans is the statement by Lyman Beecher Stowe that "During the first few weeks it [*Uncle Tom's Cabin*] was acclaimed with enthusiasm in the South. Southerners were at first enthusiastic about it for exactly the same reasons that its Abolition readers in its serial form had not been enthusiastic," that is, because Mrs. Stowe showed some

Daily Delta, and the *Bee*, among others) printed no announcements of the publication and favored it with no reviews. Booksellers failed, purposefully, to advertise that the book was in stock (which it almost certainly was), but they did not fail to advertise the "answers" which began to appear immediately. These advertisements, along with occasional editorial remarks, break the apparent conspiracy of silence and thus achieve significance as some of the earliest printed comments on *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to appear in New Orleans.⁶

There are traces of Southern indignation and even of the beginning of personal attacks on Mrs. Stowe in the advertisements, but these may be attributed in large part to advertising techniques and to a desire to capitalize on the Southern temper. The first completely non-commercial blast at *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came from an entirely different direction. The editor of the *Daily Picayune* had learned that Mrs. Stowe's novel was to be dramatized, and on August 28, 1852, he expressed his horror and disgust in resounding language decorated with such phrases as "gross misrepresentations of the South" and "abuse of the stage." He predicted civil war ("There are no feuds so deadly as those of disunited families; no enemies so remorseless as brothers who have once torn asunder all the ties and charities of kindred blood") and then turned his attention to Mrs. Stowe:

It is deplorable [he wrote] that a woman should be the principal agent in this labor of mischief. We know nothing of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe except from her book; but there is enough in that to give her an odious notoriety. She has too much mind not to comprehend the wicked injustice and dangerous consequences of the distorted picture she has drawn of slave life and Southern mor-

of the lighter and more pleasant aspects of slavery in the initial chapters of the book. See "Uncle Tom's Cabin," *Saturday Review of Literature*, II, 422 (Dec. 12, 1925).

⁶ See, for example, "Light, More Light," *Daily Picayune*, June 1, 1852, and advertisements for *Aunt Phillis's Cabin* and *Northwood* in the *Daily Picayune*, September 8 and 10, 1852. For a general discussion of these two books and others which appeared in answer to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, see Francis Pendleton Gaines, *The Southern Plantation* (New York, 1924), 21, 45-49.

als. . . . She has degraded to her unseemly and mischievous labors powers which might have been usefully and gracefully devoted to delicate and womanly compositions, . . . unsexing . . . her thoughts for the sake of gain. . . . Hence she dipped her pen in the bitterest gall of malevolence, and has written one of the most abominable libels which the age has produced, full of all manner of calumnies and uncharitableness; and provocative of mischief beyond her power to check, if she would. Such a desecration of woman's nature is a sorry and a rare sight, even in this age of feminine aspirations to rivalry with man in all his harshest of traits, and all his most unamiable pursuits.

Although this diatribe certainly was not the first of its kind in the South, it did foreshadow the pattern that attacks on *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would follow: there would be, primarily, a strong defense of slavery and of Southern morality; there would be direct attacks on the book; and there would be increasingly bitter attacks on Mrs. Stowe.

Defenses of slavery and of Southern morality took many forms, including the fictional, but the first line of defense was the "straight" or "fact" article. One New Orleans magazine, *DeBow's Review of the Southern and Western States*, printed numerous articles to show, among other things, that the slave was a happy creature in comparison with the mill worker of the North.⁷ Only occasionally was Mrs. Stowe or her novel mentioned in J. B. DeBow's magazine; but on these occasions DeBow could be as uncompromising in his attitude toward Mrs. Stowe as even the editor of the *Daily Picayune*. In introducing an article concerning Mrs. Stowe, DeBow apologized to his readers: "Mrs. Stowe and her books together have sunk so low that it is rather an act of charity to make reference to them before our readers. . . . We rather consider the subject exhausted."⁸

⁷ See, for example, "Negro Mania," xii, 507-524 (Jan.-June, 1852); "Relation of Master and Slave in Louisiana and the South," xv, 257-277 (July-Dec., 1853); "Modern Philanthropy and Negro Slavery," xvi, 263-276 (Jan.-June, 1854); and "A New Uncle Tom's Cabin for England," xxii, 484-486 (Jan.-June, 1857).

⁸ Prefixed to "a Georgia Lady's" article, "Southern Slavery and Its Assaults," *DeBow's Review*, xv, 486 (July-Dec., 1854).

An editorial in *The Parlor Magazine*, another New Orleans publication, attempted to show that the slaves were a subordinate, contented, and happy people "until aroused by some mischievous abolitionist, to a morbid and excited effort to insurrection" and pointed out that "our slaves are exempted from military duty or tax of any kind, and protected by a humane code of laws."⁹ In a later editorial *The Parlor Magazine* pointed the finger of scorn at the North, labeling New York "a modern Sodom" and asking, "What causes this moral destitution in a city where there is no such abomination as slavery?"¹⁰ *The New Orleans Noesis, or Journal of Intellectual Amusement* added a strange little note of its own with an anonymous article in which a Negro argued that he would certainly not wish to be an Irishman because a slave, well fed, well clothed, and carefree, lived under conditions which "far surpass the condition of any peasantry."¹¹

But it was the *Southern Quarterly Review* (to which New Orleans had some claim, although it was then being published in Charleston) which took the most definite and defiant stand:

We have undertaken the defense of slavery in no temporizing vein. We do *not* say it is a necessary evil. We do *not* allow that it is a temporary make-shift to choke the course of providence for man's convenience. It is *not* "a sorrow and a wrong to be lived down." We proclaim it, on the contrary, a Godlike dispensation, a providential caring for the weak, and a refuge for the portionless. Nature's outcast . . . suddenly assumes a place.¹²

It was the *Southern Quarterly Review* also which referred to the "foul imagination," the "libels and slander," the "spirit of mischief," the "gross and disgusting vulgarity," the "blunders and inconsequences," and the "obscene and degrading scenes"

⁹ Editorial, *The Parlor Magazine*, 1, 58-59 (Jan., 1857).

¹⁰ Editorial, *The Parlor Magazine*, 1, 41-46 (Feb., 1857).

¹¹ "A Negro's Opinion of His Social State Contrasted with That of Others," *The New Orleans Noesis*, 1, 13 (June, 1854).

¹² "Uncle Tom's Cabin," *Southern Quarterly Review*, xxiii, 118 (Jan.-April, 1853).

of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.¹³ These descriptive terms, perhaps echoing other sources, were to be repeated and enlarged in subsequent articles in the *Review* and in other publications; and they were to be made applicable less and less to the book itself and more and more to the woman who wrote it.

II

Certainly, of all Southern cities New Orleans had most reason to quarrel with Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. She had, of course, attacked the institution of slavery—and New Orleans was a center of slave trade. She had, furthermore, made New Orleans and the Lake Ponchartrain area the scene of the central sections of her book—those sandwiched between the “happy” beginning in Kentucky and the “unhappy” and brutal climax in the Red River Valley of North Central Louisiana. She had permitted poor Prue to be beaten and to die in New Orleans (Chapters XIX and XX). She had located her slave warehouse (logically) in New Orleans; in that warehouse she had first introduced Simon Legree to her readers; and in that same warehouse she had caused Legree, with full social and legal sanction, to separate Emmeline from her mother in a tearful scene (Chapter XXX). Even the “gentry” of New Orleans are depicted without excessive sympathy or affection: St. Clare, who has many admirable traits and who demonstrates that he can think along approved abolitionist lines, is nevertheless weak and prone to procrastinate; Mrs. St. Clare is a whining hypochondriac with tendencies that can be described only as sadistic. Little Eva alone of the white Southerners is wholly good, but she is a symbol, not a child.

These things New Orleans duly noted. But there were more. To defend her arguments and to document her material, Mrs. Stowe made use (after the fact, apparently) of advertisements of slave sales and of rewards for the capture or proof of death of runaways—advertisements which she found in several Southern

¹³ *Southern Quarterly Review*, *passim*.

newspapers, including the *Daily Orleanian* (Oct. 19, 1852), the *New Orleans Daily Crescent* (Oct. 21, 1852), and the *New Orleans True Delta* (no date given).¹⁴ And, finally, she made use of materials provided by her brother, Charles Beecher, who had for a time worked in a cotton commission house in New Orleans. Charles, using his own system of shorthand, had made verbatim notes of what he heard, and he wrote full descriptions of what he saw.¹⁵ From these notes Mrs. Stowe acquired her knowledge of absentee landlordism and rule by overseer on "down the River" plantations; and from these notes she received inspiration for the peculiarly offensive scene in which Legree, "doubling his great heavy fist into something resembling a blacksmith's hammer," tells Tom:

"Now, . . . d'ye see this fist? Heft it! . . . Look at these yer bones! Well, I tell ye this yer fist has got as hard as iron *knocking down niggers*. I never see the nigger, yet, I couldn't bring down with one crack. . . . I don't keep none o' yer cussed overseers; I does my own overseeing; and I tell you things *is* seen to. You's every one on ye got to toe the mark, I tell ye; quick,—straight,—the moment I speak. That's the way to keep in with me. Ye won't find no soft spot in me, nowhere. So, now, mind yerselves; for I don't show no mercy!"¹⁶

Although Mrs. Stowe immediately has one of her characters remark that Legree is "a mean, low, brutal fellow" who must not be taken as "any specimen of Southern planters,"¹⁷ she remained open to attack on two closely allied points: she had never seen the country or the conditions she described in the Louisiana sections of her book,¹⁸ and she had relied heavily

¹⁴ Harriet Beecher Stowe, *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin* (London, 1853), 335-336, 405, 412-413, and 418.

¹⁵ Lyman Beecher Stowe, *Saints, Sinners, and Beechers* (Indianapolis, 1934), 173-174, 337, 338. See also Stowe's article, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," already cited, p. 422.

¹⁶ Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (New York, 1938), 417.

¹⁷ *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 418, 419.

¹⁸ For an opinion that Mrs. Stowe may have been in Louisiana in 1847 or 1848 see the column "In and About Town" in the *New Orleans States*, May 22, 1952, p. 36. Biographies of Mrs. Stowe offer no support for the story told here.

(and, it may be added, confidently) on descriptions given her by her brother. And at these points she was attacked. "She ought to have relied upon something more tangible than her clerky brother for fancy pictures," wrote a reviewer for the *Southern Ladies Book*. "She ought to have presented pictures of truth, and not demons at a carnival."¹⁹ Perhaps the most telling attack, however, was that which appeared in the widely read *Southern Quarterly Review*:

The testimony of the brother is the only one which she [Mrs. Stowe] cites except in the general "all over the land" style. . . . And we think any one who has spent six months of his life in a Southern City will recognize the type of this her solitary authority. Who has not seen the green Yankee youth opening his eyes and mouth for every piece of stray intelligence; eager for horrors; gulping the wildest tales, and exaggerating even as he swallows them?²⁰

Charles Beecher, the article concludes, was gulled;²¹ and so, in turn, was Mrs. Stowe.

This was one of the kindest remarks about Mrs. Stowe to appear in print in New Orleans for a generation. It was not typical of the pattern of attack on Mrs. Stowe which had been set in 1852 by the *Daily Picayune's* article on *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as drama, in which Mrs. Stowe was accused of prostituting her art and of unsexing herself, like Lady Macbeth, for motives of uttermost horror. But the *Southern Quarterly Review* remained in the pattern when it printed the remark that "Ten thousand dollars (the amount, it is said of the sales of her work) was, we presume, in the lady's opinion, worth risking a little scalding [*sic*] for."²² And an editor of the *Southern Ladies Book* (perhaps Dr. William T. Leonard of New Or-

¹⁹ "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life Among the Lowly," *Southern Ladies Book*, I, 180 (1852-1853).

²⁰ "Uncle Tom's Cabin," *Southern Quarterly Review*, XXIII, 85 (Jan.-April, 1853).

²¹ Hubbell, *The South in American Literature* . . . , 387, reaches a similar conclusion.

²² "Uncle Tom's Cabin," *Southern Quarterly Review*, XXIII, 81 (Jan.-April, 1853).

leans) was definitely in the pattern when he wrote that Mrs. Stowe

as a woman . . . has unsexed herself,—as an advocate she has stooped to falsehood,—as a witness she has perjured herself,—as a mother, left obloquy to her children,—as a sister in one great national family, vilely slandered her own sister,—and as an American, expatriated herself by her own act. . . . Arnold was a traitor, but the treachery of Mrs. Stowe is a thousand times more black and bitter; the guilt of the former was the revenge of a defeated ambition, that of the latter is the cold venom of a nature naturally and irremediably vile.²³

What follows is not remarkable for restraint. Mrs. Stowe was accused of “deliberate misrepresentation,” of attempting to “awaken rancorous hatred and malignant jealousies between the citizens of the same republic,” and of indulging in and catering to “a prurient fancy.”²⁴ Other periodicals added to the list of descriptive terms and accusations, competing hotly with the unladylike *Ladies Book* in their efforts to depict Mrs. Stowe as a monster toward whom no human regard need be maintained. Even her feminine vanity and pride (she was assumed to have those) were attacked in “A Review of the Key” with the remark that her daguerreotype, “by the way, is such as to damage the reputation of any female writer under the sun.”²⁵ And New Orleans was advised with quiet glee by the *Daily Picayune* on July 22, 1853, that Queen Victoria had

administered a severe but well deserved blow to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and that person’s noble British admirers, by refusing to receive the famous negrophilist at court. Mrs. Stowe was effectually prostrated, and we hear no more of her in Great Britain. Not a noble lord or lady dare mention her name. The little Queen for once exercised her authority with admirable good sense and good effect.

²³ “Editor’s Table,” *Southern Ladies Book*, II, 58 (1853).

²⁴ “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” *Southern Ladies Book*, I, 227, *passim* (1852-1853).

²⁵ “Stowe’s Key to Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” *Southern Quarterly Review*, XXIV, 221 (1853).

By way of contrast, the newspaper pointed out that a Mrs. La Vert of Mobile had received a special invitation to the Queen's presence.

The preliminaries of war, war itself, the aftermath of war, and a new object of resentment and hatred, one "Spoons" or "Beast" Butler,²⁶ failed to keep Mrs. Stowe out of the New Orleans consciousness. When a Negro warehouseman, a former slave, died in 1856 at "the early age of 120 years," after almost a lifetime "under the awful inflictions of our 'peculiar institutions,'" his obituary was headed "A Nut for Mrs. Beecher Stowe."²⁷ In 1861, when a free Negro girl, one Amelia Stone, 24, sued to change her status from free woman to slave, preferring "the liberty, security and protection of slavery here to the degradation of free niggerdom among the Abolitionists of the North," her story was titled "A Note for Ward Beecher & Co."²⁸ In 1863, when New Orleans was an occupied city under Federal rule, the *Daily Picayune* (Dec. 10) printed the following "Epigram" by "Pindorax":

A student of his teacher wished to know
Which book to read, Sinbad or Beecher Stow [sic];
"Read both," the teacher cries, "my noble youth,
"For each contains the same amount of truth."

And on March 10, 1872, the *Daily Picayune* demonstrated the continuing violence of its hatred for Mrs. Stowe by printing the following item:

SORRY: Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe recently met with a very serious accident at her residence at Mandarin, Florida. She fell with violence, striking the base of her brain against the sharp edge of a bedstead, while her back fell squarely upon a bath tub. She was picked up insensible. Everything was done which could be

²⁶ Under rigid Federal control during most of the Civil War period, New Orleans newspapers necessarily exercised restraint in their comments on General Butler. See Holzman's "Ben Butler in the Civil War," especially pages 334-338, in this issue of the *QUARTERLY*.

²⁷ *Daily Picayune*, Feb. 9, 1856.

²⁸ *Daily Picayune*, June 30, 1861.

suggested, and the following morning Mrs. Stowe was without much pain in the head, but suffered much in the back.

On meeting with the account of this shocking collision between two household utensils and Mrs. Stowe's mortal framework, we are tempted to urge the passage of "a sixteenth amendment" to the Constitution, prohibiting Southern bedsteads and bath tubs from being impertinently in the way, and knocking the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" insensible, when she happens to lose her equilibrium and to need an easy and innocuous descent. Her head and back, it is obvious, are tender points. Had the blow simply gone to her heart, it would have been painless to her, and of no hurt to anything except the furniture, as either tin or wood is apt to be damaged in an encounter with stone. But this is too fast. On second thought, there is no occasion for speculating as to what might have happened to her heart. She sold that viscus, the supposed organ of emotion in normal humanity, to a museum of natural history, department of petrifications, when she polluted literature with a defamation of poor Byron's memory.

Mrs. Stowe's Florida residence was formerly, if we are not misinformed, the property of a lady, the daughter of a distinguished physician of this city. Mrs. Stowe got possession of it after the war, it has been stated, under some of the curious proceedings of the confiscation bureau.

A later paragraph [in the *Picayune's* exchanges] announces that Mrs. Stowe's back and head are recovering. That bath tub and bedstead must have been "bureau" property. They are not strong enough to do any good—harm, we mean.

From the beginning Mrs. Stowe had been conscious of Southern attacks. In a letter to Daniel R. Goodloe on Feb. 9, 1853, she said:

It has been my earnest desire to address myself to Southern minds, for I have always believed that there was, slumbering in the South, energy enough to reform its evils, could it only be aroused. . . . While at the South I am regarded with so much bitterness as their accuser at the bar of the world, I am sure I have every disposition to be their advocate, that is, in all things which are defensible.²⁹

²⁹ Stephen B. Weeks, "Anti-Slavery Sentiment in the South; with unpublished

In 1872, the year of her accident and of the *Picayune's* tasteless attack, she said she "felt how little of bitterness toward her was felt by the best class of Southerners,"³⁰ and it is reported by one biographer that in the same year she was warmly welcomed, cheered by throngs of Negroes at railroad stations, and given enthusiastic public receptions when she traveled in the South to visit her brother Charles in Florida. The same biographer includes New Orleans on this joyful itinerary,³¹ but a visit to New Orleans by Mrs. Stowe is highly improbable. If it occurred, the *Bee*, the *Daily Delta*, and the *Daily Picayune* failed to record it.³²

III

Written in a period of violent dissension, regarded almost solely as a propaganda piece, and made the target of a Southern hatred which extended beyond the book to the person of its author, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* nevertheless was a novel, and as such it demanded the attention of serious reviewers and critics. In the South the problem of unbiased critical evaluation was all but lost in the blasts of counter-propaganda; but there is evidence in New Orleans publications, nevertheless, of an early, if limited and grudging, awareness that Mrs. Stowe's attack on slavery, whatever its defects as documentary argument, had merit as imaginative writing. One of the earliest statements of this awareness occurs in the *Daily Picayune* of March 6, 1853, in an article entitled "American Literature." Pointing out that "our country is being visited by one of its periodical longings for an American literature," the writer reports sarcastically that "We are exhorted to create a literature that

letters from John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Stowe," *Publications of the Southern History Association*, II, 124 (April, 1898).

³⁰ Annie Field, ed., *Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe* (New York, 1898), 337.

³¹ Field, *Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe*. See also Lyman Beecher Stowe, *Saints, Sinners, and Beechers*, 228.

³² Nor is such a visit mentioned by Wilson, *Crusader in Crinoline*.

shall be intellectually what the country is geographically—the longest, the tallest, the highest, the lowest, the most free, grand, powerful and profound of all existing things. . . . It would have one foundation on the works of Horace Greeley and Fred Douglass, and another in the philosophy of Margaret Fuller and the writings of Mrs. Stowe." But he sees "no reason for this longing," and he counsels patience: "Let us . . . await the developments of time."

On April 15, 1854, the *Daily Picayune* in an article entitled "Our Lady Literature" listed Mrs. Stowe as one of several "remarkable specimens of literary success," but *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was carefully excepted from the list of "creditable contributions to the literature of the age" because "we think its views erroneous, and its purpose questionable"—"although we cannot deny to that its meed of literary ability."

Since *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was "literature" in form, at least, there were immediate cries for answers "in kind" and for the development of a Southern literature to battle the Northern. In spite of its earlier statement concerning American literature, the *Daily Picayune* on October 17, 1856, stoutly maintained that "we do have a Southern literature" and listed several writers, including Marshall, Kennedy, Simms, and Poe. Southern writers, the newspaper maintained, needed encouragement, and encouragement could come only through the publication of Reviews; Reviews could succeed only if they were "in the hands of the trade"—but the trade was centered in the North and was, therefore, prejudiced. C. K. Marshall of Mississippi, addressing the *Picayune* through an article in *DeBow's Review*,³³ concurred. He urged the South to "set up housekeeping for herself" and suggested that the *Picayune* establish a large publishing house in New Orleans in preparation for secession. Another writer, a reviewer of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for the *Southern Ladies Book*, argued that "the only true defense of the South against this attack [i.e., *Uncle Tom's Cab-*

³³ "Southern Authors—School Books and Presses," *DeBow's Review*, XXI, 519-523 (July-Dec., 1856).

in] . . . is to create and cherish a true Southern literature"; for its failure the South had only itself to blame because of its "consistent neglect" of and "indifference" toward its own writers.⁸⁴

Literary "answers" to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were numerous but, on the whole, ineffective. In New Orleans, as elsewhere in the South, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was attacked in fiction (but not, apparently, in any locally written novel), in poetry, and even in drama,⁸⁵ but these literary attacks were necessarily lacking in sensationalism, so that they were easily overshadowed by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and they were addressed to a Southern audience which, in the main, needed no convincing. No large publishing house materialized, no dominant literary figure or group emerged, and the dream of making New Orleans a stronghold for a vital and truly Southern literature collapsed.

Strikingly, in all the fury attending its publication and subsequent popularity, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* received little attention as a possible work of art. There were a few attempts at honest literary criticism in the South, but more often than not these attempts were but small parts of long articles of answer or abuse, with much of the abuse directed at Mrs. Stowe. Some reviewers, however, were perceptive—up to a point. One in the *Southern Quarterly Review*, for example, was concerned with matters of motivation and characterization, both of which were judged faulty on the grounds that the necessity for selling Uncle Tom is unconvincing, that familiarity between a slave trader and a gentleman was unthinkable, and that Mrs. Shelby does not act as she is described.⁸⁶ A "Georgia Lady," writing for *DeBow's Review*, maintained that Mrs. Stowe's artistic power

⁸⁴ "Uncle Tom's Cabin," *Southern Ladies Book*, I, 230-231 (1852-1853).

⁸⁵ See, for example, Anna Raymond, "The Blind Slave," *The Parlor Magazine*, I, 18-22 (Feb., 1857). William John Grayson's poem "The Hireling and the Slave" was reprinted in part in *DeBow's Review* in 1855 (xviii, 459-462). For an account of New Orleans drama written and produced to answer Mrs. Stowe, see Joseph P. Roppolo, "Uncle Tom in New Orleans: Three Lost Plays," *The New England Quarterly*, xxvii, 213-226 (June, 1954).

⁸⁶ "Uncle Tom's Cabin," *Southern Quarterly Review*, xxiii, 90-94 (Jan.-April, 1853).

lay chiefly in her delineation of character and granted further that Mrs. Stowe had the ability to "excite our feelings," but— . . . in estimating Mrs. Stowe's power by that, we should remember that there are certain scenes and incidents in themselves so essentially tragic that any description of them, even by an inferior pen, can powerfully arouse the readers. . . . As Mrs. Stowe's incidents are not inventions, according to her own account, she is only entitled to the merit of having improved them by the way in which she has wrought them up.³⁷

The *Georgia Lady*, it would seem, was unconsciously exposing a dilemma which must have confronted all Southern critics: if Mrs. Stowe's book was built on fact, as Mrs. Stowe maintained (whatever its source), then Mrs. Stowe was not an artist—but Southern arguments against the abolitionist cause were necessarily unsound; if the book was built on lies, the Southern cause could be defended—but then Mrs. Stowe was a good, perhaps even a great, writer. It would be simpler, as the *Southern Ladies Book* did, to

. . . dismiss *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with the conviction and declaration that every holier purpose of our nature is misguided, every charitable sympathy betrayed, every loftier sentiment polluted, every moral purpose wrenched to wrong, and every patriotic feeling outraged, by its criminal prostitution of the high functions of the imagination to the pernicious intrigues of sectional animosity, and to the petty calumnies of willful slander.³⁸

Certainly this was the attitude which the majority of the Southern critics adopted; but, although they may be criticized for the tasteless and personal attacks on Mrs. Stowe, they cannot be condemned for attacks on *Uncle Tom's Cabin* when the temper of their times is considered: the book *was* inflammatory; it *did* hit at institutions and beliefs which were regarded by many as necessary and sacred; and it *did* play a part, large

³⁷ "Southern Slavery and Its Assailants.—The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin—Again," *DeBow's Review*, XVI, 62 (Jan.-June, 1854).

³⁸ "Uncle Tom's Cabin," *Southern Ladies Book*, I, 238 (1852-1853).

or small, in precipitating a long and bitter war. Obviously, unprejudiced evaluation of such a book in such a time would have been difficult, if not impossible; and literary judgment then would have been a side issue, of concern only to dedicated literary artists. By its author's own admission, the book was built on fact and was planned to depict—and correct—contemporary conditions. Contemporary critics can scarcely be blamed then for weighing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for accuracy and for truth; nor can they be blamed for questioning the motives of Mrs. Stowe if they believed sincerely—as many did—that these qualities were lacking. But the early attitudes persisted long after they had served their purpose, long after the slaves had been freed and the War lost; and the tradition that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was an evil book and its author a monster flourished in New Orleans and in the South.

IV

By 1883, time had begun to soften Southern attitudes toward Mrs. Stowe and her works. On February 18 of that year *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the play, made its initial appearance before a New Orleans audience. Advertised as “the success of both hemispheres . . . direct from Her Majesty's Theatre, London, England,” the play was received without enthusiasm—but it was received. The *Daily Picayune*, much mellowed, on February 19 gave as its opinion that “No one can seriously oppose the performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin on the stage. It is not worth objecting to.” The public, the reviewer felt, had the “moral right” to see the play or not. Of Mrs. Stowe only one mention was made: “It is well understood that ‘Uncle Tom's Cabin’ is an exaggeration of events imagined by Mrs. Stowe many years ago. That which is good in it, the pictures of the faithful, old servant, the refinement of the St. Clares, and the ludicrous side, will live.”²⁹

Since 1883, time has further softened the early New Or-

²⁹ *Daily Picayune*, Feb. 18, 1883.

leans—and Southern—picture of Mrs. Stowe. Both she and her book belong to a rapidly dimming past, and mention of either book or author is as rare in the South today as it is in the North, and almost as colorless.

Ironically, however, legends have begun to spring up, linking Mrs. Stowe more closely and happily with New Orleans and Louisiana. Only one of these need be mentioned here, but it has the virtue of being both the most recent and the most startling: Mrs. Stowe, it would seem, wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in New Orleans—in, to be precise, "the beautiful Cornstalk House, 915 Royal Street," in the heart of the Vieux Carré. Long a favorite with certain guides in the French Quarter, this story came to public attention in May, 1952, when the Globe Theatre in New Orleans booked an old silent motion-picture version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Advertisements for the film cited the legend and located the place of composition in the words quoted above. As a result newspaper offices received scores of letters attacking and defending the claim, and columnists printed the letters and added their own comments, usually to the effect that Mrs. Stowe had never been in New Orleans and that the Cornstalk House (so named because of its wrought-iron fence) had not been built when Mrs. Stowe was writing her book.⁴⁰ The tone of letters and comment alike was calm. Concerning Mrs. Stowe as liar and libeler, as traitor, or as unsexed monster there appeared not one line.

⁴⁰ *The [New Orleans] Times-Picayune*, May 9, 1952, et seq.

GOVERNOR BERKELEY AND KING PHILIP'S WAR

WILCOMB E. WASHBURN

VIRGINIA and Massachusetts had little official contact with each other in the seventeenth century.¹ However, a good deal of trade between the two colonies was carried on, consisting mostly in the exchange of Virginia corn and tobacco for New England fish and other commodities.² The trade was often "triangular" via the West Indies.

Despite the lack of official contact, the leaders of each colony followed developments in the other with great interest and no little partiality. Governor Winthrop noted in his journal for May 20, 1644, that a ship from Virginia had brought news of the great massacre there in which perhaps 500 English were killed. It was reported that an Indian confessed "that they did it because they saw the English took up all their lands from them, and would drive them out of the country. . . ." Winthrop commented soberly that

It was very observable that this massacre came upon them soon

¹ This assertion can be verified by examination of the public records of the two colonies. To give a significant example: in Vol. 2 of the Massachusetts Archives in the State House at Boston, a volume which deals with inter-colonial relations, 1638-1720, there is only one document relating to Virginia.

² For trade in the 1630's see, for example, John Winthrop's *Journal*, ed. James Kendall Hosmer, *Original Narratives of Early American History* series (New York, 1908), entries for April 27, 1631, March 14, 1633, April 16, 1633, June 1, 1634, August 29, 1634, and August 3, 1636; see also John Winthrop, Jr. to his father, April 30, 1631, in Massachusetts Historical Society, *Collections*, 5th ser., VIII (Boston, 1882), 31; for trade in the 1670's see, for example, proceedings of a court of June 17, 1675, in *Records of the Court of Assistants of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay: 1630-1692*, I (Boston, 1901), 40; proceedings of a court of November 30, 1675, in *Records and Files of the Quarterly Courts of Essex County, Massachusetts*, VI (Salem, 1917), 87-88; William Harris's "Account of New England, April 29, 1675," in the *Harris Papers*, Rhode Island Historical Society, *Collections*, X (Providence, 1902), 142-147; for trade in other periods see, for example, William Aspinwall, *A Volume relating to the Early History of Boston containing the Aspinwall Notarial Records from 1644 to 1651* (Boston, 1903), Howard W. Preston, ed., *The Letter Book of Peleg Sanford of Newport Merchant (later Governour of Rhode Island), 1666-1668* (Providence, 1928), Howard W. Preston, *Rhode Island and The Sea* (Providence, 1932).

after they had driven out the godly ministers we had sent to them, and had made an order that all such as would not conform to the discipline of the church of England should depart the country by a certain day, which the massacre now prevented:³

The massacre, Winthrop noted also, had begun only one day before the fast day appointed by the Council and Governor Berkeley—"a courtier, and very malignant towards the way of our churches here"—for the good success of the King, then having his troubles in England.⁴ As a result of the massacre, many "godly disposed persons" (among them Daniel Gookin, of Newport News) came to New England, "and many of the rest were forced to give glory to God in acknowledging, that this evil was sent upon them from God for their reviling the gospel and those faithful ministers he had sent among them."⁵

Edward Johnson, in his *Wonder-working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England* (1653), similarly saw "the hand of God against this people, after the rejection of these Ministers of Christ." Wrote Johnson:

now attend to the following story, all you Cavaliers and malignant party the world throughout, take notice of the wonderworking providence of Christ toward his Churches, and punishing hand of his toward the contemners of his Gospel. Behold ye dispisers, and wonder. Oh poor Virginia, dost thou send away the Ministers of Christ with threatenng speeches? No sooner is this done, but the barbarous, inhumane, insolent, and bloody Indians are let loose upon them, who contrive the cutting them off by whole Families, This cruell and bloody work of theirs put period to the lives of five or six hundred of these people, who had not long be-

³ Winthrop, *Journal*, II, 167-168. In 1642 letters had arrived from Virginia requesting ministers be sent there from New England. The elders of Boston met the request (Winthrop, *Journal*, II, 73). The ministers were later ordered expelled from Virginia by an act of March, 1643 (William Waller Hening, *The Statutes at Large; being a Collection of all the Laws of Virginia*, I [New York, 1823], 277).

⁴ There seems to be no record of such a fast day in the existing records of Virginia although it might well have been proclaimed.

⁵ Winthrop, *Journal*, II, 168.

fore a plentiful proffer of the mercies of Christ in the glad tidings of peace published by the mouth of his Ministers, who came unto them for that end: but chusing rather the fellowship of their drunken companions,⁶ and a Priest of their own profession, who could hardly continue so long sober as till he could read them the reliques of mans invention in a common prayer book; but assuredly had not the Lord pittied the little number of his people among this crooked generation, they had been consumed at once, for this is further remarkable in this massacre, when it came toward the place where Christ had placed his little flock,⁷ it was discovered and prevented from further proceeding, . . . assuredly the Lord hath more scourges in store, for such as force the people to such sufferings; . . .⁸

Winthrop recorded in his journal on September 7, 1644, that a pinnace arrived from Virginia "with letters from the governor and council there, for procuring powder and shot to prosecute their war against the Indians, but we were weakly provided ourselves, and so could not afford them any help in that kind."⁹ Soon, however, the governor began to have doubts that his decision had been in conformity with the will of God when, in the first week of April 1645, seventeen barrels of the country's powder and many arms, to the value of nearly £500, were "suddenly burnt and blown up" in the house of John Johnson, the surveyor general of the ammunition, at Roxbury. Winthrop thought the occurrence "observable" in two respects: "1. Because the court had not taken that care they ought to pay for it," and "2. In that, at the court before, they

⁶ Virginians—or at least the Anglican clergy in Virginia—were not noted for sobriety in seventeenth-century New England. Winthrop, writing in 1640 of the New Englander Nathaniel Eaton who had gone to Virginia and become a minister, noted that he was "given up of God to extreme pride and sensuality, being usually drunken, as the custom is there" (*Journal*, II, 20-21).

⁷ Mostly in Upper Norfolk or Nansemond County.

⁸ Edward Johnson, *The Wonder-working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England*, ed. J. Franklin Jameson, *Original Narratives of Early American History* series (New York, 1910), Bk. III, ch. xi, 265-267.

⁹ Winthrop, *Journal*, II, 194.

had refused to help our countrymen in Virginia, who had written to us for some for their defence against the Indians, and also to help our brethren of Plymouth in their want."¹⁰

When King Philip's War broke out in the summer of 1675 the Virginians were at last given an opportunity to find evidence of God's displeasure towards the Puritans. But before they could enjoy New England's discomfiture they were faced with a war of their own. By a series of blunders, Virginia, in the fall of 1675, fell into a war with the Susquehannock Indians of Maryland.¹¹ Operations commenced with a siege of the Susquehannock fort in Maryland. The Indians, outraged by the murder of five of their chiefs under a flag of truce, broke out of their fort, crossed the Potomac, and murdered about forty persons in outlying Virginia plantations in January 1676. The marauders immediately retired into the forests to the west of the settlements, and Virginia began to fear that its troubles with the Susquehannocks would turn into a general war with all Virginia's Indians.

In a letter of February 16, 1676, probably to Thomas Ludwell, Secretary of the Council of State of Virginia who was then in England as one of Virginia's agents, Berkeley expressed his apprehension and concern. Wrote the governor:

The infection of the Indianes in New-England has dilated it selfe to the Merilanders and the Northern parts of Virginia, and wee have lost about Forty men Women and Children in Patomocke and Rapahannocke kild as wee suppose by the sesquashannocks. . . . our neighbour Indians are pretty well secured for it is no doubt but they alsoe would be rid of us if they Could but I thanke god they have not dard to shew themselves our Enemies yet. . . . Now Mr. Secretary you will thinke this Relation strange which I shall next give you. The Indians in New England have burned divers Considerable Villages (which they call townes) and have made

¹⁰ Winthrop, *Journal*, II, 220-221.

¹¹ See my 1955 Harvard Ph.D. dissertation on "Bacon's Rebellion, 1676-1677" for a discussion of these blunders. The University of North Carolina Press will, this winter, publish a revised version of the thesis.

them desert more then one hundred and fifty miles of those places they had formerly seated and a very understanding and sober Virginia Merchant that came lately hence does assure me that in most of their encounters where the numbers have beene very Equall the Indians have alwise had the better of it. I beleeeve it would not have beene soe if they had had two hundred of our Virginians with them. We now expect howerly to heare from them who have beseegd fower thousand Indians in a fort fowerscore miles to the South of boston which the New England men once enterd but were beaten out of it againe before they could distroy their smiths shoppes of which they say they have seene many there. The new England men are in a deplorable want of Corne and if this warr continue two yeares longer many of them must be forc'd to desert the place which divers already had done But that they have made several lawes to the contrary. . . .¹²

Berkeley was evidently referring to the Great Swamp Fight of December 19, 1675. Contemporary accounts of the fight note that the Narragansett fort, near the present town of South Kingston, Rhode Island, was built under the direction of "Stone-wall John," an Indian engineer and blacksmith, and that his forge was demolished before the English retired from the fort coincidental with the arrival of Indian reënforcements.¹³

How might news of the Great Swamp Fight have arrived in Virginia? Berkeley attributes the information to a "sober Virginia merchant." The merchant might have come from any of the New England colonies, but he may very probably have come from Rhode Island where 150 of the English wounded

¹² Contemporary copy of letter from Governor Sir William Berkeley to [Secretary Thomas Ludwell?], February 16, [1676], library of the Marquis of Bath at Longleat, Wilts, England, the Henry Coventry Papers, Vol. LXXVII, folio 56 (hereafter cited as Longleat, LXXVII, fol. 56, etc.). I am at present editing the papers in this collection which bear on the subject of Bacon's Rebellion for publication by the Virginia Historical Society. Microfilm copies of the documents were made by the British Manuscripts Project of the American Council of Learned Societies and are available in the Library of Congress.

¹³ "A Continuation of the State of New-England, by N. S., 1676," in Charles H. Lincoln, ed., *Narratives of the Indian Wars, 1675-1699*, Original Narratives of Early American History series (New York, 1913, reprinted 1952), 58-59.

were sent following the fight.¹⁴ Governor Berkeley's view of the war, too, tended to have a Rhode Island flavor.¹⁵

By the time of the meeting of the Virginia Assembly on March 7, 1676, nerves were at the breaking point in that colony, both from fear of local Indians and because of the reports from New England. The Assembly passed an act declaring war against "all such Indians who are notoriously knowne or shall be discovered to have comitted the murthers, rapins and depredations" that had occurred in the colony, as well as against any other Indians who could be suspected of aiding them. Forts were ordered to be established on the frontier, and 500 men (a quarter of them horsemen) were provided to garrison them. Trade with the Indians was severely limited and strictly regulated.¹⁶

Virginia's problem was to discover who were the colony's enemies. The Susquehannocks seemed most obviously to be arrayed against the Virginians, but what of the many strange tribes far beyond the English settlements, and what of the approximately twenty tributary tribes living side by side with the English? Were these various Indians friends or foes? The foreign tribes were the subject of wild rumors while the local tribes were the object of cold suspicion among the fearful English. This attitude is brought out in the address to the King from the Governor and Assembly, March 24, 1676. The address discusses the mismanaged attack on the Susquehannocks, the subsequent murders in Virginia, and the meeting of the March Assembly

¹⁴ "A New and Further Narrative of the State of New-England, by N. S., 1676," in Lincoln, *Narratives*, 79. Berkeley's account agrees in several particulars with *News from New-England, . . . as it was sent over by a Factor of New-England to a Merchant in London* (London, 1676, reprinted Boston, 1850). Although this account was later than Berkeley's, it may have been based on the same source, for it gives 4,000 as the number of enemy Indians, exactly the figure reported by Berkeley, and describes the Great Swamp Fight in similar terms, even to the temporary expulsion of the English from the fort, a happening denied by some.

¹⁵ See later, pp. 374-375.

¹⁶ Hening, *Statutes*, II (New York, 1823), 326-338.

where all the Representatives of the Country are now mett to consult of the fittest and safest way to put the Country in Security for the future and to take a just revenge on those bloodie Villains, which we should not have doubted (by Gods assistance) in a short time to effect, had their appeared none other danger but from those Indians within our reach.

But May it please your Sacred Majesty, to our grieve we finde by certain intelligence, within these few dayes, that those Indians have been and still are endeavouring (with offering Vast Summes of their wealth) to hyre other Nations of Indians two or three hundred miles distant from us, and that a very considerable bodie of them are come downe upon James River, within fifty or Sixty miles of the plantations, where they lye hovering over us.

And not being able to ghesse where the Storme will fall, for that all Indians as well our neer neighbours as those more remote, giveing us dayly Suspitions that it is NOT any private grudge, but a generall Combination, of all from New-England hither, which we are the rather inclined to beleive, Since the defection their and here, though at least three hundred miles distant, one from the other happened neer the same time; and we much feare that those Indians of New-England haveing been unfortunately Succesfull their,¹⁷ where yet by our latest intelligence we finde affaires to have an ill aspect; is and will be a great incouragement to ours here; which puts us on an absolute necessity, not only of Fortifieing all our frontiers more strongly; but of keeping Severall, considerable parties both of Horsses and foot still in motion to confront them wheresoever they shall attaque us. Which cannot be done without a Vast expence.¹⁸

Today we find it curious that the fears of the Virginians should have been so great as to suspect a gigantic combination of Indians from New England to Virginia. The fear is ex-

¹⁷ This was correct. Although the Narragansetts had been defeated at the Great Swamp Fight on December 19, 1675, Philip and the Nipmucks were on the rampage in central Massachusetts, burning settlements and killing the inhabitants, and two days after Berkeley wrote, Capt. Michael Pierce's force was wiped out on the Seekonk plain. For Pierce see George Madison Bodge, *Soldiers in King Philip's War* (Leominster, Mass., 1896), 347-350.

¹⁸ Address to the King from the Assembly, signed by Governor Berkeley and Speaker Augustine Warner, March 24, 1676, Longleat, LXXVII, foll. 66-67.

plicable not only in terms of the relative weakness of the English at the time, but also in terms of the colonists' ignorance of what lay beyond their tiny fingers of settlement, and of what relations Indian tribes had with one another. There were, in 1670, only forty thousand colonists scattered over the entire eastern half of the present state of Virginia.¹⁹ Because the English clung closely to the rich and accessible lands along the tide-water rivers, it was not difficult for Indian marauders to slip undetected into the heart of the country. Uncertainty concerning the intentions of the neighboring "friend" Indians and dread of the possible hostility of the Iroquois and other "foreign" Indians, who yearly traveled along the "backside" of the colony on their way to trade and war with the Indians of the Carolinas, encouraged the English to suspect a far-flung plot against them. Reports of New England's Indian war stimulated their fears just as reports of Virginia's Indian war frightened the New Englanders. One example from New England will suffice to show that the fears were mutual. When a vessel from Virginia arrived in Rhode Island on August 12, 1676, with "newes of great destruction done there by the Indeans," William Harris concluded that it "shewes that the contrivance of a war against the English went far. . . ." Only God's Providence, the Rhode Islander suggested, prevented more Indian nations from joining "the plot."²⁰

¹⁹ Berkeley's answer to the Lords of Trade and Plantations' "Enquiries," in Hening, *Statutes*, II, 515.

²⁰ William Harris to Sir Joseph Williamson, August 12, 1676, in the *Harris Papers*, Rhode Island Historical Society, *Collections*, X (Providence, 1902), 174. Another writer believed that Philip had created a "Confederacy [of] all the Indians from Cape Sables [Nova Scotia] to the Mohawks, which is about three hundred Miles or upwards." See "A further brief and true Narration of the late Wars risen in New-England . . . Boston, December 28, 1675," in Samuel G. Drake, ed., *The Old Indian Chronicle* (Boston, 1867), 316. In 1653 New England was in similar fear of a vast Indian conspiracy. The Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England, on April 19, 1653, considered an alleged Dutch plot "to engage the Indians to cutt of the English within the united Collonies and wee heare the Designe reaches alsoe to the English in Verginia. . . ." See David Pulsifer, ed., *Records of the Colony of New Plymouth in New England: Acts of the Commissioners of the United Colonies of New England*, Vol. II: 1653-1679 (Boston, 1859), 22.

On April 1 Berkeley sent Thomas Ludwell a more detailed account of what Virginians had heard about King Philip's exploits in New England. Berkeley wrote that

a new tax is layde uppon us for the Indians are Generally combind against us in al the northerne parts of America. They have destroyed divers Townes in New-England kild more then a thousand fighting men seldome were worsted in any encounter and have made the New-England men desert above a hundred miles of ground of that land which they had divers yeares seated and built Townes on. I have not heard from thence this fortnight but expect to heare no very good newes when I doe for they either have not or pretend not to have mony to pay their soldiers But what ever the successe be they wil not this next twenty yeares recover what they have lost and expended in this warr. They had taken in their last harvest before the Indians envaded them and declared the warr against them yet now they are in such Want of provisions that they have sent to us abundance of vessels to buy of us great quantities of al sort as Porke beefe and Corne in so much that I and the Councel first and since the General Assembly have beene forced to promulgate a severe law that no more provisions shal be exported from hence and I thinke al considering men conclude that one yeares want of provision does impoverish Kingdomes and states (of al natures) more then seaven yeares Luxury but this is not halfe the New England mens misery for they have lost al their Beaver trade Halfe at least of their fishing and have nothing to carry to the Barbadoes with whose commodities they were wont to carry away our Tobbacco and other provisions. Add to this the new tax of one penny per pound on Tobbacco which my Officers rigorously exact of them: to conclude this if this warr lasts one Yeare longer they in new England will be the poorest miserabest People of al the Plantations of the English in America. Indeed it [*sic*] I should Pitty them had they deservd it of the King or his Blessed father.²¹

The Governor and Council of Virginia, as Berkeley relates,

²¹ Public Record Office, London, Colonial Office, Series 1, Vol. 36, no. 37 (hereafter written C. O. 1/36, no. 37, etc.). This letter, with several significant errors of transcription, has been printed in the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, xx (1912), 246-249.

placed an embargo on the export of provisions on October 12, 1675.²² Five months later, the March 1676 Assembly enacted the embargo into law, a law repeated by the next assembly, in June, with the proviso that it was to remain in effect until the last day of the following assembly.²³

Detailed records of ship sailings between New England and Virginia are not available, but it seems probable that trade declined appreciably during the troubles of 1675-1676. "N. S." (probably Nathaniel Saltonstall) wrote from the port of Boston on February 8, 1676:

Our Trade to Virginia is quite decayed, not one Vessel having gone from here thither since the Wars began, but by a small Vessel arrived here from thence, we are informed that the Indians have fallen unexpected on the English, and destroyed many of them, and done much harm with very little Loss to themselves, but this Report finds very little Credit with us; . . .²⁴

A significant aspect of New England-Virginia trade relations in this period concerns the conviction for smuggling of Thomas Hansford of Virginia, owner of the ketch *Hopewell*, and later one of Nathaniel Bacon's leading lieutenants in the rebellion against Governor Berkeley. Giles Bland, His Majesty's Collector of Customs in Virginia and another of Bacon's later lieutenants, complained to the General Court on March 21, 1676, that on or about June 21, 1675, there was transported out of Virginia to New England in the ketch *Hopewell* thirty-five hogsheads of tobacco for which customs duties were not paid. Hansford, the owner of the vessel, admitted the fraud in court, and acknowledged that he himself had sailed in the ship to New England. Hansford, so "keenly sensitive to honor" as the historian Bancroft was later to describe him,²⁵ was there-

²² H. R. McIlwaine, ed., *Minutes of the Council and General Court of Colonial Virginia, 1622-1623, 1670-1676* (Richmond, 1924), 428.

²³ Hening, *Statutes*, II, 338-339, 361.

²⁴ "A Continuation of the State of New-England, by N. S., 1676," in Lincoln, *Narratives*, 68. See also McIlwaine, *Minutes of the Council*, 434-435.

²⁵ George Bancroft, *History of the Colonization of the United States*, II (Boston, 1868), 229.

upon ordered by the court to pay the penny per pound duty for the tobacco he had illegally transported to New England and to pay the costs of the suit.²⁶ Perhaps Hansford was one of those who informed Berkeley of the New England troubles. It is also possible that he encouraged Bacon and his fellow conspirators to think of the New England and Virginia Indian troubles as part of a single plot against the English in America.

In addition to his letter to Thomas Ludwell, Governor Berkeley wrote two more letters on April 1, 1676: one to each of the Principal Secretaries of State of Charles II. In these he became philosophical about the war in New England, much as Governor Winthrop had about the 1644 massacre in Virginia. To Secretary Henry Coventry he wrote that

The New-England men are ingaged in a warr with their Indians which in al reasonable conjectures wil end in their utter ruine and let al men feare and tremble at the justice of God on the Kings and his most Blessed fathers Ennimies and learne from them that God can make or find every where Instruments enoughe to destroy the Kings Ennimies. I say this because the New England men might as soon and as well have expected to have been envaded by the Persian or Mogul as from their Indians and yet what cannot God doe when he is provoked by Rebellion and undoubtedly the New England men were as guilty of the late Blessed Kings murther by their Councils Emissaries and wishes as any that most apparently acted in it.²⁷

Berkeley's conception of New England's "guilt" can be explained in part by reference to the first act of the October 1649 Virginia Assembly, held following receipt of the news of the beheading of Charles I on January 30, 1649. The Assembly, under Berkeley's leadership, denounced the trial and conviction of the "late most excellent and now undoubtedly sainted king" and enacted that

what person soever, . . . after the date of this act, by reasoning, discourse or argument shall go about to defend or maintain the late

²⁶ McIlwaine, *Minutes of the Council*, 449.

²⁷ Longleat, LXXVII, fol. 68.

traiterous proceedings against the aforesaid King of most happy memory, under any notion of law and justice, such person . . . shall be adjudged an accessory *post factum*, to the death of the aforesaid King, and shall be proceeded against for the same, according to the knowne lawes of England: . . .

The act also provided that to doubt the right of succession of Charles II "in words and speeches shall be adjudged high treason: . . ." ²⁸ No doubt New England's "reasoning, discourse and argument" commending the resistance to Charles I, to say nothing of her toleration of regicides, stamped the colony, in Berkeley's eyes, as traitorous.

In his letter to Secretary Sir Joseph Williamson of April 1, 1676, Berkeley wrote that

I hope it wil not be impertinent to give you the relation of our Neighbours as wel as of our selves and the more because their Troubles were the cause and beginning of ours: and first I wil say, that al English planters on the Maine covet more Land then they are safely able to hold from those they have disposed of it. This was the cause of the New-England troubles for the Indians complayning that strangers had left them no land to support and preserve their wives and children from famine the Very Governors told them that those that could not live by them would doe well to depart farther from them. The Indians that had beene schoold by them askt them if this uncharitable expulsion of them (who admitted them frendly when they might easily have excluded them from seating on their ground) were according to the Charitable doctrines they had learned from their God to which they replied that God had given [the] land to them and they would hold it adding farther that the Indians were to weake and Ignorant to contend with them. This Answer so exasperated the Indians that they immediately resolvd to revenge or dye. The nearest to the English communicated their sufferings to those farther of and told them if they did not Joyne to resist the common Ennemie the next complaynt would be theirs for the English sayd they bounded their oppressions with no other measure then their inability of not being able to doe more but as soone as their strength and num-

²⁸ Hening, *Statutes*, I, 359-361.

bers encreased the more remoter parts should find how farr their Avarice extended to those that hindred the effects of it. These and other considerations so much enraged the Indians that presently their were Leagues made with those that were formerly Ennimies and on a sodune they assault the English in their Townes and farmes kil many men women and children and an incredible number of horses and cattle and on my faith Sir I cannot learne that since in the numerous encounters they have had the English have seldome had the better of them but have often lost whole parties (to a man or two) that have beene sent out against them.²⁹ What ever the event be (for I have not heard from them this five weekes at least) The New-England men wil not recover their wealth and Townes they lost thes twenty comming yeares.

And now Sir because I sayde the beginning of the New-England troubles were the cause of ours I must proceed to say that when the New England Indians resolved to attaque the New-England men they sent Emmissaries as farr as our parts to enduce our Indians to doe the like and it is almost incredible what intelligence distant Indians hold with one the other. Most certain it is that a Nation called the Sesquasahannocks murdered some people in Maryland and in our parts Joyning to Maryland but we quickly destroyed most of those that were got into a fort But since that in one night some of the same nation murthered six and thirty weomen and children in one of our frontier plantations and then fled towards the mountains from whence we have heard no more then this from them that they live only on Acornes that they have Robd other lesser nations of the Indians of and so made them their Ennimies and we have now such a strength on the frontiers of al our Plantations that we Cannot feare them if they were ten times more in Number then they are. But most honord Sir as I sayde at first al English Planters hold more land then they are able to defend this we al complayne of but no power of ours can redresse because they have this priviledge by his Majesties Grant. . . .³⁰

²⁹ A week before Berkeley wrote, Captain Michael Pierce, with sixty-three English and twenty friendly Indians, lost almost his entire force in a fight at Seekonk plain. See "A New and Further Narrative of the State of New-England, by N. S., 1676," in Lincoln, *Narratives*, 84-85, and Bodge, *Soldiers in King Philip's War*, 347-350.

³⁰ C. O. 1/36, no. 36. This letter, with several very serious errors of transcription, has been printed in the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, xx (1912), 243-246.

Berkeley's suggestion that English greed for land was the specific cause of King Philip's War seems to have been based on misinformation. Plymouth Colony, in whose territory the Wampanoags still lived in 1675, had expressly forbidden Philip to sell more of his land.³¹ Governor Winslow asserted in a letter of May 1, 1676, defending Plymouth against such charges as Governor Berkeley's, that Plymouth Colony had not only obtained all its land by fair purchase of the Indian proprietors, but had made a law that no one should purchase, or receive as a gift, any lands of the Indians without the knowledge and allowance of the court.³²

Berkeley's view of the cause of the war, however, tends to be in harmony with that of the Deputy Governor of Rhode Island, John Easton, whose "Relacion of the Indyan Warre" in 1675 was sympathetic to the Indian fear that "they had no hopes left to kepe ani land."³³ It is also not basically different from the views of John Eliot writing on July 24, 1675, to Governor John Winthrop, Jr. of Connecticut.³⁴ Roger Williams, writing of the attitude of Massachusetts following the Pequot conquest, spoke of the "depraved appetite" of the English for "great portions of land, land in the wilderness. . . ." "This is

³¹ Agreement of Philip and his Council, September 29, 1671, in Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, ed., *Records of the Colony of New Plymouth in New England: Court Orders*, Vol. V: 1668-1678 (Boston, 1856), 79; see also court order of July 7, 1674, committing Thomas Joy of Hingham to jail for breaking the law against purchasing or receiving as a gift any Indian lands without the permission of the court, *ibid.*, p. 151; for the laws to this effect see David Pulsifer, ed., *Records of the Colony of New Plymouth in New England: Laws, 1623-1682* (Boston, 1861), 41, 129, 183, 185.

³² Quoted in Drake, *Old Indian Chronicle*, 4-5. See also Josiah Winslow and Thomas Hinckley, "A Brieff Narrative of the begining and progresse of the present trouble between us and the Indians," in Pulsifer, *Records of the Colony of New Plymouth: Acts of the Commissioners of the United Colonies*, II, 362-364.

³³ Lincoln, *Narratives*, 11. William Harris of Rhode Island, in his letter of August 12, 1676, to Secretary Sir Joseph Williamson, discussed the accusation that the English caused King Philip's War by their desire for the Indians' lands, but rejected it as false (*Harris Papers*, Rhode Island Historical Society, *Collections*, x, 165).

³⁴ Eliot professes ignorance of the causes of the war in this letter, but speaks frequently of doing the Indians "justice about their lands" (Massachusetts Historical Society, *Collections*, 5th ser., 1 [Boston, 1871], 424-426).

one of the gods of New England," wrote Williams, "which the living and most high Eternal will destroy and famish."³⁵ Although the view that land hunger was the cause of war is not specifically accurate in the particular case of King Philip's War, in its general assumption of an underlying conflict over land it must be given consideration.³⁶

The similarity between Governor Berkeley's impression of King Philip's War and Governor Winthrop's impression of the Virginia Indian War of 1644 is striking. Both saw the hand of God applied to chasten the pride of man. In Winthrop's eyes, however, the pride was in the willful refusal of Virginia's royal governor to allow the Church of England to be purified as it had been in New England. In Berkeley's eyes, the pride was in New England's perverse denial of the principle of royal authority. Berkeley was not only an upholder of the right of the Stuarts to sit undisturbed on the throne of England, however; he was also a champion of the right of the American Indians to hold undisturbed the land they occupied. It is not too much to say that Winthrop might have learned a few lessons in piety from the cavalier governor.

³⁵ Williams to Major Mason, June 22, 1670, in John Russell Bartlett, ed., *Letters of Roger Williams, 1632-1682*, Narragansett Club, *Publications*, 1st ser., vi (Providence, 1874), 342. Williams speaks again of "God Land" in his letter of May 28, 1664, to Governor John Winthrop, Jr., of Connecticut, *ibid.*, vi, 319. For a study of Connecticut's land hunger, see Richard S. Dunn, "John Winthrop, Jr., and the Narragansett Country," *William and Mary Quarterly*, 3d ser., xiii (January, 1956), 68-86.

³⁶ For a study of the causes of King Philip's War, see Douglas Edward Leach, "The Causes and Effects of King Philip's War," a 1950 Harvard Ph.D. dissertation. George W. Ellis felt that "The differences over land have, as a rule, been given too much importance, though the land question was a contributory cause to a growing estrangement" between English and Indian in the period preceding King Philip's War (George W. Ellis and John E. Morris, *King Philip's War* [New York, 1906], 22).

MEMORANDA AND DOCUMENTS

THE TRANSCENDENTAL FRIENDS: CLARKE AND MARGARET FULLER

DEREK COLVILLE

SINCE the Transcendentalists—Margaret Fuller especially—enjoy a reputation for excessively sensitive individuality, it is easy to be fascinated, as Hawthorne is in *The Blithedale Romance*, by the development of their personal relationships with each other. One such relationship, and a broad hint of its vicissitudes are illustrated by unpublished letters of Miss Fuller and James Freeman Clarke.¹

Although they shared the same philosophical ideas, these two close friends were marked contrasts in personality. Clarke was essentially practical:

I must act—I cannot be happy but in action. . . . That the time is ripe for mental revolution I am confident—that I have some of the characteristics suited to this work, I believe. . . . I have an innate longing for system, for consistency, for coherence. I have the power of making clear to others what I see clearly myself. Witness my sermon on Faith, in which I made intelligible the main principles of the Transcendental Philosophy. (Jan. 12, 1834)

From the Kentucky frontier, where he was trying to build an enlightened Unitarian church and to preach Transcendentalism, Clarke wrote, "I cannot, I cannot come back [to New England] without having effected something tangible, indisputable, to prove to myself & others that my foot is planted on solid earth."

(April 7, 1834)

Margaret's feet were less solidly grounded, as her side of the correspondence shows:

My Dear Friend

I am spiritually impelled to say a few words—I have strongly wished you were here this evening—I have thought of a thousand things to say to you—but I shall not write them or ever say them

¹ The Margaret Fuller letters quoted here are in the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Clarke's are owned by his grandson, Mr. J. F. Clarke of Boston.

perhaps. And yet I feel vexed that I should think of you, should think of any earth-born people when I was feeling so pure, so free! Why should I not have a vision? O I have been so happy—have done and felt every-thing with such enjoyment. . . . The day has been divine as if nature wished to make up for the late coldness by crowding all June into one day. Such gorgeous light, such rich deep shadows—such sweet, *sweet* west wind! . . . This is an era—I never have been so happy on a moonlight evening (I mean in a constant happy mood—I always have high flights and keen flashes) except in two instances and those were rapture—but this is such a sweet and strange composure. I never felt any-thing like it except on Thanksgiving day which you may remember I told you about. But that was far better—I shall never know a day like that again—it was like the mansions of the blest. Today I am wide awake and notice every-thing—I am quite well today and can let Heaven's free wind blow upon me without being shudderingly reminded that I am framed of "suffering clay."

I send you this leaf geranium which I have been wearing in a nosegay (whose roses all their fragrance and, worse, almost all their petals have shed or you should have one of those in preference) all this fine time. You may put it in a locket and wear it as a momento [*sic*] that the most striving souls have their halcyon hours.

And now adieu. Perhaps I shall write tomorrow but not as today I know. This mood is distinct so should be its expression.

— M. (Undated)

Different as they were, the two enjoyed an intimate relationship. " 'Tis inaccountable," Margaret writes to Clarke, "that I should always feel so inclined to tell you my mental wants and troubles when I know you cannot minister any remedy which I cannot procure for myself." (Oct. 25, 1833) She tells him her difficulties, plans, and enthusiasms:

I wish to study ten thousand thousand things this winter. Every day I become more sensible to the defects in my education—I feel so ignorant and superficial. Every day hundreds of questions occur to me to which I can get no answer and do not know what books to consult. Today at the Navy yard!—I did so wish I had had some person of sense with me to explain sundry things. I must study Architecture at all events. I *will* know the minutiae of *that*—I am tired of these general ideas. They did well enough for conversation but they cannot satisfy me when I am alone. (Oct. 25, 1833)

Clarke found equally in Margaret someone, scarcely hoped for,

whom he could trust; he made it clear that the association was one of immense value to him:

You cannot think how full of gratitude my heart was when I read your last note. I said to myself that I had found something more valuable than anything else on earth—something which I hardly imagined to exist before—a heart joined to an intellect in such just proportion that its fervour should not displease the taste by being ill-directed nor its wisdom freeze by being too abstract— & she who possessed this nature, desirous of joining it to mine in friendship. My first feeling I have said, was great joy & gratitude; I said: there has come an aera, a wonderful epoch in my life. I shall now begin to live out of my own soul—& I went, everywhere ruminating on my approaching happiness. . . .

I desire that you should know me thoroughly—just as I am, good & bad, with powers & weaknesses. I will put the most implicit faith in your expressions of esteem & offers of friendship. I will do my best to be frank, warning you that a nature rendered unsocial by circumstances & keeping to itself for so many years cannot at once break the chains of habit. But if you continue open with me, I shall imitate your spirit. (April 11, 1830)

Sharing the same Transcendental interests and mutual acquaintances, drawn into deepening intimacy, each relying heavily on the other for confidence and companionship, these two sensitive and diverse personalities necessarily clashed at times. The clearest instance of such a clash began in the summer of 1834, when Clarke had been at Louisville, and separated from Margaret, for about a year. The friends had corresponded steadily during this time, until Margaret suddenly wrote and said she felt that she had "lost" Clarke.² He answered thus:

I cannot suffer our friendship to end in this way. I do not know whether you mean to cast me off altogether or what it is you propose . . . you felt "you had lost me"—and what does this mean? how am I lost to you?

Why did it not occur to you Margaret, that a whole year in which I was deprived of all sympathy—obliged to keep that which was most myself always out of sight³ . . . *must* produce a change in my manner—& that to throw myself back in a moment into the

² This letter is not extant, but Margaret's phrase, and the suddenness with which it struck her correspondent, are evident from his reply quoted here.

³ This refers to Clarke's considerable difficulties in adjusting from his New England *milieu* to the coarser fibre of the Kentucky one.

old confessional vein was wholly out of my power, even if I wished it?

. . . I have not grown worldly, though I have become practical—& it would be curious indeed *if* a man commencing the active business of life did not grow practical. I revere Truth—I love Excellence—I despise Appearance—I hate mere outside temporary Effect. . . . I wish also to do something among men—not to pine away unheard, unknown—but to act out myself, & die struggling in the arena.

. . . I beg you not to determine rashly, from a pride of understanding, that our friendship is over—& so make it over. Do not determine that if we are not *all* to each other we shall be nothing. I can never find such another as you—and I think you will not meet with exactly such another friend as

Yours truly

JFC

(Sept. 8, 1834)

Margaret's reply shows her nature at its most complex, in a singular mixture of imperiousness and graciousness:

You requested me not to answer you rashly—I have therefore taken a week to reflect upon your letter before I replied to it.

I passed a month at Newport and in my few solitary moments the remembrance of our last interview would almost always obtrude itself on me. My mind refreshed and calmed by new thoughts, tender attentions and a change of scene stood firm to the decision it had formed in a suffering and excited state. I felt, as I had expected to feel, deep regret: I knew that your loss would not be made up to me, but still I thought that my impressions had been correct and the words I had spoken words of *sooth*—I believed you had recognized them to be such and neither expected nor wished to hear from you again. I looked upon this deprivation with a saddened but a resolved soul. But I cannot resist the frank and kind spirit in which your letter is written. I do not "cast you from me"—I will not "insist" that all is over. In yielding to your wishes and your judgement I have good hope that we may begin a new era and that we may alter the *nature* of our friendship without annihilating its soul. I cannot, indeed, see any reason why we cannot. . . . There is, I believe, *no* reason except that I am not a reasonable woman and must needs be putting more of feeling into my intercourse with others than is any wise necessary or appropriate. I cannot, however, *promise* that I will shew myself a reasonable woman on this occasion but I will attempt it. I am willing to resume correspondence with you and time will decide whether we can resist the changes in one another.

(Sept. 28, 1834)

The correspondence duly resumed, and was both frequent and

intimate for a period of some four years, after which it became relatively sparse and distant, although even the scattered notes of the eighteen-forties show a mutual fondness and respect lasting until Margaret's death in 1850.

MARK TWAIN AND THE AMERICAN LABOR MOVEMENT

PAUL J. CARTER, JR.

And now here I was, in a country where a right to say how the country should be governed was restricted to six persons in each thousand of its population. . . . I was become a stockholder in a corporation where nine hundred and ninety-four of the members furnished all the money and did all the work, and the other six elected themselves a permanent board of direction and took all the dividends. It seemed to me that what the nine hundred and ninety-four dupes needed was a new deal.

HOW Sir Boss went about effecting a "new deal" is told in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, a book which expresses many of Mark Twain's views of social and economic problems. Why Twain had become especially interested in these problems and their relation to the American labor movement while writing *A Connecticut Yankee* is now revealed, in part, by the discovery of an article about the Knights of Labor which he wrote in 1886 but never published.

On January 29, 1886, Twain testified before the Senate Committee on Patents, then holding hearings on international copyright legislation. The spokesman for labor, identified in Twain's article as "a foreman of a printing office," was James Welsh; President of Philadelphia Typographical Union, No. 2, who argued for a copyright bill which would require all foreign books to be printed in the United States. Welsh did not make the speech attributed to him in the article, but he did claim the support of the "4,000,000 to 5,000,000" members of the Knights of Labor and "the sympathies of the industries of the entire world." Actually the Knights had only about 725,000 members, but since the union was at the peak of its power in 1886 it is not surprising that Twain accepted the somewhat grandiloquent claims of Mr. Welsh. Mark Twain was never one to worry about exaggeration anyway.

Although Twain was something of a capitalist himself by 1886, he was always for the under-dog, whether in the sixth or nineteenth century, and he fancied that he saw in the Knights of Labor the salvation of oppressed humanity and ultimately, through the spread of the brotherhood of labor, the hope of civilization.

He read his article on "The New Dynasty" to the Monday Evening Club of Hartford, Connecticut, on March 22, 1886. The Club was made up of Hartford business and professional men, and Twain had been an active member since 1873. Most of the papers he prepared for the Club are reprinted in his collected works, but "The New Dynasty" was known only through a brief reference to it in Paine's biography until it was discovered among the Mark Twain Papers at the University of California.¹ It affords interesting evidence of the influence of the American labor movement of the 1880's upon this son of the frontier and upon *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

THE NEW DYNASTY

MARK TWAIN

Power, when lodged in the hands of man, means oppression—*insures* oppression: it means oppression *always*: not always consciously, deliberately, purposely; not always severely, or heavily, or cruelly, or sweepingly; but *oppression*, anyway, and *always*, in one shape or another. One may say it cannot even lift its hand in kindness but it hurts somebody by the same act whereby it delivers a benevolence to his neighbor. Power cannot be so righteously placed that it will neglect to exercise its great specialty, Oppression. Give it to the King of Dahomey, and he will try his new repeating rifle on the passers-by in the courtyard; and as they fall, one after another, it hardly occurs to him or to his courtiers that he is committing an impropriety; give it to the high priest of the Christian Church in Russia, the Emperor, and with a wave of his hand he will brush a multitude of young men, nursing mothers, gray headed patriarchs, gentle young girls, like so many unconsidered flies, into the unimaginable hells of his Siberia, and go blandly to his breakfast, unconscious that he has committed a barbarity; give it to Constantine, or Edward IV, or Peter the Great, or Richard III, or a hundred other monarchs that might be mentioned, and they slaughter members of their own family, and need no opiates to help them sleep afterward; give it to Richard II, and he will win the grateful tears of a multitude of slaves by setting

¹ Published by permission of the Trustees of the Mark Twain Estate. "The New Dynasty" is copyrighted by the Mark Twain Company, 1957.

them free—to gain a vital point—and then laugh in their faces and tear up their emancipation papers, and promise them a bitterer and crueller slavery than ever they imagined before, the moment his point has been gained; give it to the noblesse of the Middle Ages, and they will claim and seize wandering freedmen as their serfs; and with a totally unconscious irony will put upon THEM the burden of proving that they are freedmen and not serfs; give it to the Church, and she will burn, flay, slay, torture, massacre, ruthlessly—and neither she nor her friends will doubt that she is doing the best she can for man and God; give it suddenly to the ignorant masses of the French monarchy, maddened by a thousand years of unspeakable tyranny, and they will drench the whole land with blood and make massacre a pastime; give power to whomsoever you please, and it will oppress; even the horse-car company will work its men eighteen hours, in Arctic cold or Equatorial heat, and pay them with starvation: and in expanded or in otherwise modified form, let the horse-car company stand for a thousand other corporations and companies and industries which might be named. Yes, you may follow it straight down, step by step, from the Emperor to the horse-car company, and wherever power resides it is used to oppress.

Now so far as we know or may guess, this has been going on for a million years. Who are the oppressors? The few: the king, the capitalist, and a handful of other overseers and superintendents. Who the oppressed? The many: The nations of the earth; the valuable personages; the workers; they that MAKE the bread that the soft-handed and the idle eat. Why is it right that there is not a fairer division of the spoil all around? BECAUSE LAWS AND CONSTITUTIONS HAVE ORDERED OTHERWISE. Then it follows that if the laws and constitutions should change around and say there SHALL be a more nearly equal division, THAT would have to be recognized as right. That is to confess, then, that in POLITICAL SOCIETIES, IT IS THE PREROGATIVE OF MIGHT TO DETERMINE WHAT IS RIGHT; that it is the prerogative of Might to create Right—and uncreate it, at will. It is to confess that if the banded voters among a laboring kinship of 45,000,000 of persons shall speak out to the other 12,000,000 or 15,000,000 of a nation and command that an existing system of rights and laws be reversed, that existing system has in that moment, in an absolutely clear and clean and legal way, become an obsolete and vanished thing—has utterly ceased to exist, and no creature in all the 15,000,000 is in the least degree privileged to find fault with the act.

We will grant, if you please, that for uncounted ages, the king and the scattering few have oppressed the nations—and have held in their hands the power to say what is right and what is not. Now was that power real, or was it a fiction? Until to-day it was real; but FROM to-day, in THIS country, I take heart of grace to believe,

it is forevermore dust and ashes. For a greater than any king has arisen upon this the only soil in this world that is truly sacred to liberty; and you that have eyes to see and ears to hear may catch the sheen of his banners and the tramp of his marching hosts; and men may cavil, and sneer, and make wordy argument—but please God he will mount his throne: and he will stretch out his sceptre, and there will be bread for the hungry, clothing for the naked, and hope in eyes unused to hoping; and the sham nobilities will pass away, and the rightful lord will come to his own.

There was a time for sneering. In all the ages of the world and in all its lands, the huge inert mass of humbler mankind,—compacted crush of poor dull dumb animals,—equipped from its centre to its circumference with unimaginable might, and never suspecting it, has made bread in bitter toil and sweat, all its days for the feeble few to eat, and has impotently raged and wept by turns over its despised house-holds of sore-hearted women and smileless children—and that was a time for sneering. And once in a generation, in all ages and all lands, a little block of this inert mass has stirred, and risen with noise, and said it could no longer endure its oppressions, its degradation, its misery—and then after a few days it has sunk back, vanquished, mute again, and laughed at—and that also was a time for sneers. And in these later decades, single mechanical trades have banded themselves together, and risen hopefully and demanded a better chance in this world's fight; and when it was the bricklayers, the other trades looked on with indifferent eye—it was not their fight; and when this or that or the other trade revolted, the ten millions in the other trades went uninterested about their own affairs—it was not their quarrel;—and that also was a time to sneer—and men did sneer. But when ALL the bricklayers, and all the bookbinders, and all the cooks, and all the barbers, and all the machinists, and all the miners, and blacksmiths, and printers, and hod-carriers, and stevedores, and house-painters, and brakemen, and engineers, and conductors, and factory hands, and horse-car drivers, and all the shop-girls, and all the sewing-women, and all the telegraph operators: in a word, all the myriad of toilers in whom is slumbering the reality of that thing which you call Power, not its age-worn sham and substanceless spectre,—when these rise, call the vast spectacle by any deluding name that will please your ear, but the fact remains, a NATION has risen! And by certain signs you may recognize it. When James Russell Lowell makes his courteous appeal for the little company of American authors before a Committee of the United States Senate—who listen as their predecessors have for sixty years listened to authors' appeals, with something of the indifference due a matter of small weight intruded by a faction inconsequent and few—and sits down and his place is taken by a foreman of a printing office, clad in unpretending gray, who says "I am not here as

a printer; I am not here as a brick-layer, or a mason, or a carpenter, or as any other peculiar or particular handicrafts man; but I stand here to represent ALL the trades, ALL the industries, all brethren of ANY calling that labor with their hands for their daily bread and the bread of their wives and their little children, from Maine to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and when I speak, out of my mouth issues the voice of five millions of men!"—when THAT thunderpeal falls, it is time for the Senatorial lethargy to show sign of life, to show interest, respect—yes, reverence, supple and eager recognition of the master, and to know what might be the King's messenger's commands. And the Senators realize that indeed such time has come.

The authors had with slender hopefulness indicated what they would like the Congress to do; in the other case, without any insouciance of speech or bearing, but reposeful with the clear consciousness of unassailable authority, the five-million-voiced printer DICTATED to the Congress—not anything which it MUST do, but certain things which it must NOT do. And that command will be heeded.

This was the first time in this world, perhaps, that ever a nation did actually and in its own person, not by proxy, speak. And by grace of fortune I was there to hear and see. It seemed to me that all the gauds and shows and spectacles of history somehow lost their splendor in this presence; their tinsel and lacquer and feathers seemed confessed and poor, contrasted with this real blood and flesh of majesty and greatness. And I thought then, and still think, that our country, so wastefully rich in things for her people to be proud of, had here added a thing which transcended all that went before. Here was the nation in person speaking; and its servants, *real*—not masters *called* servants by canting trick of speech—listening. The like could not be seen in any other country, or in any other age.

They whom that printer represented are in truth the nation: and they are still speaking. Have you read their Manifesto of demands? It has a curiously worn and old and threadbare sound. And it is old. It is older than the Scriptures. It is as old as Tyranny—old as Poverty—old as Despair. It is the oldest thing in this world—being as old as the human voice. In one form or another it has wearied the ears of the fortunate and the powerful in all the years of all the ages. And always it seemed the fretful cry of children—the fretful cry of a stranger's children, not one's own—and was not listened to; and did not need to be listened to, since as a matter of course they were crying for the moon, crying for the impossible. So one thought, without listening—without examining. But when *all* the children in a little world cry, one is roused out of his indifference by the mere magnitude of the fact—and he realizes that perhaps something is the matter; and he opens his ears. And what

does he hear? Just what he has heard countless times before, as a mere dead formula of words; but now that his attention is awake, he perceives that these words have meaning. And so he—that is, you—do at last listen, do at last con the details of this rag of immemorial antiquity, this Manifesto of Wrongs and Demands, with alert senses. And straightway the thing that springs to your surprised lips when you are confronted by one or two of the things in that list, is the ejaculation, "Is it possible that so plain and manifest a piece of justice as this, is actually lacking to these men, and must be asked for?—has been lacking to them for ages, and the world's fortunate ones did not know it; or, knowing it could be indifferent to it, could endure the shame of it, the inhumanity of it?" And the thought follows in your mind, "Why this is as strange as that a famishing child should want its common right, the breast, and the mother-heart not divine it; or, divining it, turn away indifferent."

Read their Manifesto; read it in a judicial spirit, and ponder it. It impeaches certain of us of high treason against the rightful sovereignty of this world; the indictment is found by a competent jury, and in no long time we must stand before the bar of the Republic and answer it. And you will assuredly find counts in it which not any logic of ours can controvert.

Many a time, when I have seen a man abusing a horse, I have wished I knew that horse's language, so that I could whisper in his ear, "Fool, you are master here, if you but knew it. Launch out with your heels!" The working millions, in all the ages, have been horses—were horses; all they needed was a capable leader to organize their strength and tell them how to use it, and they would in that moment be master. They have FOUND that leader somewhere, to-day, and they ARE master—the only time in this world that ever the true king wore the purple; the only time in this world that "By the grace of God, King" was ever uttered when it was not a lie.

And we need not fear this king. All the kings that have ruled the world heretofore were born the protectors and sympathizing friends and supporters of cliques and classes and clans of gilded idlers, selfish pap-hunters, restless schemers, troublers of the State in the interest of their private advantage. But this king is born the enemy of them that scheme and talk and do not work. He will be our permanent shield and defence against the Socialist, the Communist, the Anarchist, the tramp, and the selfish agitator for "reforms" that will beget bread and notoriety for him at cleaner men's expense; he will be our refuge and defence against these, and against all like forms of political disease, pollution, and death.

How will he use his power? *To oppress*—at first. For he is not better than the masters that went before; nor pretends to be. The only difference is, he will oppress the few, they oppressed the many; he will oppress the thousands, they oppressed the millions; but he

will imprison nobody, he will massacre, burn, flay, torture, exile nobody, nor work any subject eighteen hours a day, nor starve his family. He will see to it that there is fair play, fair working hours, fair wages: and further than that, when his might has become securely massed and his authority recognized, he will not go, let us hope, and determine also to believe. He will be strenuous, firm, sometimes hard—he *must* be—for a while, till all his craftsmen be gathered into his citadel and his throne established. Until then let us be patient.

It is not long to wait; his day is close at hand: his clans are gathering, they are on their way; his bugles are sounding the call, they are answering; every week that comes and goes, sees ten thousand new crusaders swing into line and add their pulsing footfalls to the thunder-tread of his mighty battalions.

He is the most stupendous product of the highest civilization the world has even seen—and the worthiest and the best; and in no age but this, no land but this, and no lower civilization than this, could he ever have been brought forth. The average of his genuine, practical, valuable knowledge—and knowledge is the truest right divine to power—is an education contrasted with which the education possessed by the kings and nobles who ruled him for a hundred centuries is the untaught twaddle of a nursery, and beneath contempt. The *sum* of his education, as represented in the ten thousand utterly new and delicate and exact handicrafts, and divisions and subdivisions of handicrafts, exercised by his infinite brain and multitudinous members, is a sum of knowledge compared to which the sum of human knowledge in any and all ages of the world previous to the birth-year of the eldest person here present in this room, was as a lake compared to the ocean, the foothills compared to the Alps; a sum of knowledge which makes the knowledge of the elder ages seem but ignorance and darkness; even suggests the figure of a landscape lying dim and blurred under the stars, and the same landscape revealed in its infinitude of bloom, color, variety, detail, under the noontide sun. Without his education, he had continued what he was, a slave; with it, he is what he is, a sovereign. His was a weary journey, and long: the constellations have drifted far from the anchorages which they knew in the skies when it began; but at last he is here. He is here, —and he will remain. He is the greatest birth of the greatest age the nations of this world have known. You cannot sneer at him—that time has gone by. He has before him the most righteous work that was ever given into the hand of man to do: and he will do it. Yes, he is here; and the question is not—as it has been heretofore during a thousand ages—What shall we do with him? For the first time in history we are relieved of the necessity of managing his affair for him. He is not a broken dam this time—he is the Flood!

NEW LIGHT ON THE CRANE-HOWELLS
RELATIONSHIP

THOMAS ARTHUR GULLASON

STILL labeled the "guide and helper" of the young writers of the nineties and as an editor who "welcomed and encouraged all forms of literary truth and sincerity,"¹ William Dean Howells did not always faithfully serve the liberal cause he represented. His relationship with one of his protégés, Stephen Crane, is a case in point. It has been said that Howells gave Crane necessary moral support, championing him as a writer who came into life "fully armed";² and that he influenced his social and literary theories.³ While young Crane worshipped Howells as a "progressive realist" in 1891,⁴ he renounced him as the epitome of bourgeois dullness in 1900—and for good reason. Furthermore, there is some evidence to suggest that Howells learned something about social theories from his renegade protégé.

Crane must have been aware of Howells' literary conservatism quite early. In his review of *Maggie* in April, 1894 (though he confessed that "once in a while it will do to tell the truth as completely as [the novel] does"), Howells thought the book was unacceptable because it had "so much realism of a certain kind . . . that unfits

¹ Everett Carter, *Howells And The Age of Realism* (Philadelphia, 1954), 19, 269. Carter is the first Howells biographer to mention Crane; earlier ones (like Delmar Cooke and Oscar Firkins) did not.

² Thomas Beer, *Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters* (New York, 1923), 96.

³ See Beer, *Stephen Crane*, 94-100; John Berryman, *Stephen Crane* (New York, 1950), 52-54; and Robert W. Stallman, editor, *Stephen Crane: An Omnibus* (New York, 1952), xxxiv-xl.

⁴ Crane was first impressed by Howells through Hamlin Garland's lecture at Asbury Park, which he reported in "Howells Discussed at Avon-By-The-Sea," *New York Tribune*, August 18, 1891, p. 5. In part, Crane wrote: "No man stands for a more vital principle than does Mr. Howells. He stands for modern spirit, sympathy and truth. . . . He does not insist upon any special material, but only that the novelist be true to himself and to things as he sees them. . . . He stands for all that is progressive and humanitarian in our fiction, and his following increases each day."

The letters from Crane to Howells never hinted at anything but an amiable relationship. For an example, see Mildred Howells, editor, *Life in Letters of William Dean Howells*, II (New York, 1928), 42.

it for general reading."⁵ This more than implied his dissatisfaction with the philosophy of naturalism, for in *Maggie Crane* depicted one side of life: the deterministic jungle of the New York slums. Howells was searching for, and implicitly demanding, what he termed the "right proportion" of the normal and the abnormal—the combination of beauty and ugliness.⁶ Yet he often voiced his disapproval of ugliness in any form and yearned for the "smiling aspects of life which are the more American."⁷

In June, 1895, besides pointing to its "grimy truth," Howells reasoned that the unpopularity of *Maggie* was due to "the impossibility to cultured ears of a parlance whose texture is so largely profanity."⁸ Once he had seemed to hint to Crane that the profanities of the Bowery people, as seen in *Maggie* and *George's Mother*, would not do. And the younger writer had answered: "No, that is the way they talk. I have thought of that, and whether I ought to leave such things out, but if I do I am not giving the thing as I know it."⁹ Again this illustrated Howells' quiet hostility toward Crane's naturalistic method.

The same year Howells reviewed *The Red Badge of Courage*, predicting that the war tale was "an earnest of the greater things that we may hope from a new talent working upon a high level, not quite clearly as yet, but strenuously."¹⁰ After Crane's death he clarified his view on the war novel, and as he did so, he made known his limited understanding of Crane's rich talent. To him, Crane "lost himself in a whirl of wild guesses at the fact from the ground of insufficient witness. . . . *Maggie* remains the best thing he did . . . while *The Red Badge of Courage* and the other things that followed it, were the throes of an art failing with material to

⁵ "Greatest Living American Writer," *New York Press*, April 15, 1894, p. 27.

⁶ Carter, *Howells And The Age of Realism*, 137.

⁷ Carter, *Howells And The Age of Realism*, 177.

⁸ *Harper's Weekly*, xxxix (June 8, 1895), 533. Howells said virtually the same thing in *Harper's Weekly*, xxxix (October 26, 1895), 1013. He even complained of the word "hell" found in *Huckleberry Finn* and warned Mark Twain: "I'd have that swearing out in an instant." See DeLancy Ferguson, *Mark Twain: Man And Legend* (Indianapolis, 1943), 181.

⁹ "Frank Norris," *North American Review*, clxxv (December, 1902), 770. This important essay, which sums up Howells' attitude toward Crane, is not listed in any of the Crane bibliographies; nor are the four unpublished letters from Crane to Howells in the possession of Houghton Library, Harvard.

¹⁰ *Harper's Weekly*, xxxix (October 26, 1895), 1013.

which it could not render an absolute devotion from an absolute knowledge."¹¹

While he could not fully understand or sympathize with the aims and methods of Crane's *avant-garde* novels, Howells learned something about social problems from him. In an interview with Crane in October, 1894, Howells talked spiritedly about the "wonderful instinct in manner and dress" of a girl whose parents "were the lowest of the low." Such a girl living in squalor "overturned so many of my rooted social dogmas," he said.¹² This discussion of his planned novel, *The Ragged Lady* (1899), bore a striking resemblance to *Maggie*, and Howells may have unconsciously drawn upon it. Later, in a letter to Crane's wife in 1900, Howells admitted that her dead husband

. . . spoke wisely and kindly about them [the people of *Maggie*], and especially about the Tough, who was tough because, as he said, he felt that 'everything was on him.' He came several times afterwards, but not at all oftener than I wished, or half so often, and I knew he was holding off from modesty. He never came without leaving behind him some light on the poor, sad life he knew so well in New York, so that I saw it more truly than ever before.¹³

In England, a few months before his death, Crane revealed what seemed to be his final attitude toward Howells; prior to 1900, he had been disappointed by Howells' books and never could understand why he was so successful.¹⁴ When he learned of the proposed American Academy of Arts and Letters (patterned after the English and French academies) and that Howells (followed by Mark Twain) was the leading candidate to become its first member, Crane selected Edwin Markham as his one and only representative. The reasons for his choice were important. He picked Markham because the poet was [in the naturalistic tradition] a "man in

¹¹ "Norris," *North American Review*, 770. It seems clear that Howells envisioned Crane's greatness in the realm of the social novel only, and because he could not classify *The Red Badge* as one, he did not praise it.

¹² This interview, "Fears Realists Must Wait. An Interesting Talk With William Dean Howells," originally appeared in the *New York Times*, October 28, 1894, p. 20. It is reprinted in Stallman, *Stephen Crane: An Omnibus*, 169-172.

¹³ *The Academy*, LXIX (August 18, 1900), 123.

¹⁴ *The Work of Stephen Crane*, VII (New York, 1925-1927), xiii; and *The Philistine*, XVII (August, 1903), 88.

shirt sleeves . . . no apish child of fashion; a veritable eagle of freedom, and, withal, kindly, tender to the little lame lamb—aye, bold, yet gentle, defiant of all convention, and yet simple in his manner even to kings." Crane rejected Howells (and Twain) because he was too conventional, too narrow-minded in his outlook on a modern tendency like naturalism, and not really progressive at all; if Crane had ever been influenced by Howells in any way, it was short-lived. In his usually striking manner, Crane said:

The name of W. D. Howells occurs to somebody. But, no; he wears collars. It is known; it is common talk. He has never had his photograph taken while enwrapped in a carelessly negligent bath towel. In the name of God, let us have virility; let us look for the wild, free son of nature. Mark Twain? At first it seems that he would have a chance. He growls out his words from the very pit of his stomach and is often uncivil to strangers. But, no; he, too, wears collars and a coat.¹⁵

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES REVIEWS
MOBY DICK

JOHN FRANCIS MC DERMOTT

AFTER an investigation of reviews of *Moby Dick*, David Potter wrote in the *Rutgers University Library Journal* in June, 1940: "The high regard shown Melville and *Moby Dick* in these reviews dispels any notion that the author and his masterpiece were completely ignored by contemporary American critics. Instead we find that Melville in the early months of 1852 was a highly respected and widely reviewed man of letters."

This opinion is certainly confirmed by one review which did not come to Mr. Potter's attention. On December 6, 1851, the *New York Spirit of the Times* devoted to the book two-thirds of a page, about one-half of which (say, fifteen hundred words) was comment. Since it has remained unnoticed and unknown (Jay Leyda did not cite it in *The Melville Log*), it is worth a few moments, for it

¹⁵ "Stephen Crane Says: Edwin Markham is His First Choice for the American Academy," *New York Journal*, March 31, 1900, p. 8. This article (and most of the others named above) is listed in the admirable Ames Williams and Vincent Starrett, *Stephen Crane: A Bibliography* (Glendale, Calif., 1948). It has never been reprinted nor critically examined.

is a very friendly and enthusiastic review. If the Melville scholar argues that it shows little understanding of the novel (that is, of its symbolic content), it can be urged that this was considerable space for the *Spirit of the Times* to give to one book and that the writer thoroughly approved of *Moby Dick* and admired Melville. It was clearly the sort of review to encourage buyers and surely no author entirely dislikes such notices.¹

"We confess an admiration for Mr. Melville's books," the reviewer began, "which, perhaps, spoils us for mere criticism. There are few writers, living or dead, who describe the sea and its adjuncts with such true art, such graphic power, and with such powerfully resulting interest. 'Typee,' 'Omoo,' 'Redburn,' 'Mardi,' and 'White Jacket,' are equal to anything in the language. They are things of their own. They are the results of the youthful experience on the ocean of a man who is at once philosopher, painter, and poet. . . . Mr. Melville's early experiences, though perhaps none of the pleasantest to himself, are infinitely valuable to the world. We say *valuable* with a full knowledge of the terms used; and, not to enter into details, which will be fresh in the memory of most of Mr. Melville's readers, it is sufficient to say that the humanities of the world have been quickened by his works. Who can forget the missionary *expose*—the practical good sense which pleads for 'Poor Jack,' or the unsparing but just severity of his delineations of naval abuses, and that crowning disgrace to our navy—flogging?"

Melville's graphic power and the corrective effect of his novels were to the reviewer only part of his achievement. "Taken as matters of art these books are amongst the largest and freshest contributions of original thought and observation which have been presented in many years." Most modern writers merely "elaborate and rearrange" the "common fund" of ideas, the "same overdone incidents" out of Scott and Radcliff. "It is only now and then, when genius, by some lucky chance of youth, ploughs deeper into the soil of humanity and nature, that fresher experiences—perhaps at the cost of much individual pain and sorrow—are obtained; and the results are books, such as those of Herman Melville and Charles Dickens."

Turning to the book under review, he spoke first of the whale.

¹ For a photostat of this review I am indebted to the Harvard College Library.

"Leviathan is here in full amplitude. Not one of your museum affairs, but the real, living whale, a bona-fide, warm-blooded creature, ransacking the waters from pole to pole. His enormous bulk, his terribly destructive energies, his habits, his food, are all before us. Nay, even his lighter moods are exhibited. We are permitted to see the whale as a lover, a husband, and the head of a family. So to speak, we are made guests at his fire-side; we set out mental legs beneath his mahogany, and become members of his interesting social circle. No book in the world brings together so much whale. We have his history, natural and social, living and dead. But Leviathan's natural history, though undoubtedly valuable to science, is but part of the book. It is in the personal adventures of his captors, their toils, and, alas! not unfrequently their wounds and martyrdom, that our highest interest is excited. This mingling of human adventure with new, startling, and striking objects and pursuits, constitute one of the chief charms of Mr. Melville's books. His present work is a drama of intense interest. A whale, 'Moby Dick,'—a dim, gigantic, unconquerable, but terribly destructive being, is one of the persons of the drama. We admit a disposition to be critical on this character. We had some doubts as to his admissibility as an actor into dramatic action, and so it would seem had our author, but his chapter, 'The Affidavit,' disarms us; all improbability or incongruity disappears, and 'Moby Dick,' becomes a living fact . . ."

But *Moby Dick* was more than a book about whales: it was many-sided. "Mingled with much curious information respecting whales and whaling there is a fine vein of sermonizing, a good deal of keen satire, much humor, and that too of the finest order, and a story of peculiar interest. As a romance its characters are so new and unusual that we doubt not it will excite the ire of critics. It is not tame enough to pass this ordeal safely. Think of a monomaniac whaling captain, who, mutilated on a former voyage by a particular whale, well known for its peculiar bulk, shape, and color—seeks, at the risk of his life and the lives of his crew, to capture and slay this terror of the seas! It is on this idea that the romance hinges. The usual staple of novelists is entirely wanting. . . . The thing is entirely new, fresh, often startling, and highly dramatic, and with those even, who, oblivious of other fine matters,

scattered with profusest hand, read for the sake of the story, must be exceedingly successful."

The reviewer, with no space for long quotation, then sampled the chapter "The Pequod Meets the Rosebud," "in which a whaling scene is described with infinite humor," and regretted that he could not extract the chapter on "The Castaway," which he thought a good specimen of Melville's "graphic power of description." *Moby Dick*, he concluded, was a "work of exceeding power, beauty, and genius."

BOOK REVIEWS

Yale College, an Educational History 1871-1921. By George Wilson Pierson. (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1952. Pp. 773. \$6.00.)

Yale: The University College, 1921-1937. By George Wilson Pierson. (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1955. Pp. 740. \$6.00.)

When the 250th anniversary of the founding of Yale College approached, Professor Pierson, a descendant of Yale's first Rector, was appointed the official historian. This reviewer, who had occupied a corresponding position at Harvard, hoped that he would begin with a history of eighteenth-century Yale, which had been very inadequately covered at the time of the bicentenary. Instead, he has followed this reviewer's example in presenting first the recent history of his college; the 65 years between 1871 and 1937 which cover the presidencies of Porter, Dwight, Hadley, and Angell. His more than 1,500 well-filled pages are devoted almost exclusively to Yale College. Even the other undergraduate department, Sheffield Scientific School, is discussed only tangentially; and the Law, Medical, and Divinity Schools, as well as the museums and research laboratories, are barely mentioned. Nevertheless, Professor Pierson is not parochial. He is perfectly aware of what was going on in other colleges, and he makes it as clear to an outsider as anyone can, why Yale did or didn't do what she did.

The first thing that strikes one is the extraordinary dissimilarity between Harvard and Yale in the eighteen eighties and nineties. Here were two colleges founded by New England Puritans, the one only seventy-five years older than the other, professing the same ideals, drawing on similar constituencies with almost equal success, teaching essentially the same curriculum, for about two centuries; yet by 1880 they were as dissimilar as Oxford and Göttingen. While President Eliot was tearing everything loose at Harvard and trying to make it into a real university, Presidents Porter and Dwight were smugly keeping things as-they-were at Yale College. Harvard was experimental, individualistic, intellectual, while Yale was complacent, conformist, and conservative. Yet there is no

question but that Yale was America's favorite college, as Santayana remarked in that discerning comparison of Yale and Harvard that he made in 1892, from which Professor Pierson quotes freely. For Americans, by and large, hate intellectual superiority; and Yale expressly disclaimed being intellectual. They love boyish exuberance, and Yale had plenty of that, at a time when Harvard men cultivated a fin-de-siècle cynicism. Americans wanted religion, at least in other Americans; and Yale insisted on compulsory chapel, while "godless Harvard" had been a popular tag for the older college ever since Cotton Mather wrote his famous letter to Elihu Yale. Above all, Americans of that era admired athletic prowess; and there, Yale was supreme. For twenty years her football teams, coached by the gentlemanly Walter Camp, beat Harvard and Princeton consistently; and her crews, coached by the unscrupulous Bob Cook, swept the river. There were two or three years in succession when no rival football team even crossed Yale's goal line; this reviewer recalls the hilarity at Harvard when a visiting friend from a small New England college boasted "we held Yale to three touchdowns."

After Vic Kennard's famous boot, coached by Percy Haughton, broke the football log-jam in 1908, the rôles were reversed. Yale college began to go intellectual—this was the heyday of the Elizabeth Club and the poets—whilst Harvard was taunted by Bob Benchley with having "sold its intellectual heritage for a mess of touchdowns." The two colleges began to move closer together until, by the end of the era that Professor Pierson describes, they seemed, to foreign observers, to be no more unlike than Oxford and Cambridge—except in architecture. It is one of the anomalies of academic history that "liberal" Harvard, after the eclecticism of the nineteenth century, went back to her architectural origins and housed her students in neo-Georgian dormitories, while "conservative" Yale cut loose completely from her traditions and erupted into applied Gothic. As a Yale bard, Leonard Bacon wrote:

"Dear Mother Yale, thy sons bewail
Thy architectural dropsies;
Come, Mother Nature, cast a veil
Of kindly ampelopsis!"

Harvard men got very tired of hearing about the "democracy" of Yale College, which they suspected to have been based on social

homogeneity, as at Eton. Yale was so overwhelmingly white, upper-middle class, Protestant, that the rare and occasional Jew, Negro, Italian or Chinaman was regarded as an interesting curiosity, easily assimilated. But Harvard was overwhelmed by them; and that virtually forced the old Harvard families and prep-school graduates to be exclusive in self-defense. One weakness of Professor Pierson's work is that he has made no social-geographic analysis of Yale men, and seems to assume that anyone who was accepted as a Freshman had an equal chance of social success if he conformed to the campus mores. He quotes Santayana to the effect that Yale undergraduates "came from all over the country," but did they?

Actually, the conformity, enforced boyish heartiness, and other qualities which, as Professor Pierson rightly says, were characteristic of Yale College, were duplicated at Harvard in that college-within-the-college, the one hundred or so graduates of socially eminent prep-schools within every class. Just as the main object of every Eli was to be tapped for a Senior Society; so the main object of these Johnnies was to make D.K.E., the Pudding, and a final club. To do so, they had to conform, to go about with the right people, to show an indifference to learning, and above all to do or wear nothing "queer." I remember an otherwise socially acceptable Harvard boy being kept out of his chosen final club because he went in for figure skating and played lacrosse. And the recent biographer of Dr. George Minot '08, the Nobel prize winner, states that George successfully concealed from his closest friends that he was getting A's and B's in his courses. This college-within-a-college at Harvard was very similar to the whole of Yale College, and for the same reasons, social homogeneity and a common objective.

Until they came together in the nineteen thirties, the time-lag between Yale and Harvard was extraordinary. President Eliot's Report for 1880 announced that the recitation as a teaching method had almost disappeared at Harvard; at Yale it remained the principal method for at least thirty years more. Harvard abolished compulsory chapel in 1886; Yale in 1926. Even in Yale's revised Course of Instruction of 1885-1886 Freshmen and Sophomores studied nothing but Latin, Greek, mathematics, and one modern language; and these subjects were taught by nameless tutors who had themselves recently graduated, few of whom ever at-

tained scholarly distinction. And their method was little more than drill. Professor Pierson tells of one Greek tutor who simply required translations of Homer from all members of his classes in turn, with never a word of comment, until the last recitation in June when he remarked that Homer was one of the world's greatest poets! Surely the classicists here as elsewhere dug their own graves. This system was defended because it treated every student alike; but it was really a holdover from the Middle Ages when "regent masters" carried the burden of imparting the trivium and the quadrivium in the European universities—a system that colonial Harvard and Yale took over because they could afford nothing better. In a way, however, Yale had the last laugh; because before she had fully yielded to the Harvard innovation of free electives, Harvard had got sick of it, and adopted "concentration and distribution."

Yale College was not, however, invariably the tardy and reluctant follower rather than the leader. She pioneered, among other things, in limitation of numbers, in encouraging the better educated Freshmen to take advanced courses, and in the Common Freshman Year, an experiment that failed.

At least half of Professor Pierson's lengthy text is devoted to the fascinating subject of academic government. On paper, Yale College was ruled by President and Corporation, some of whom were ex-officio (such as state senators and ministers of certain Congregational churches) and others, elected by the alumni. In fact it was not so—Yale was governed by her Faculty, of which the Permanent Officers (the full professors and a few others) were the House of Lords; and by a Prime Minister, the Dean whom they elected. The President was a mere constitutional monarch, and the Corporation, a ratifying body. Professor Pierson quotes a significant conversation between President Lowell of Harvard and Dean Frederick S. Jones of Yale. The Dean admitted that he presided over the Faculty and the Permanent Officers, that he appointed the Faculty committees, determined their salaries, recommended promotions and appointments, and set up the budget, which the Faculty ratified. At the end of this confession, Lowell remarked, "Jones, I wouldn't have you at Harvard for ten minutes!"

This same Dean Jones, whom Professor Pierson admits to have

been almost completely devoid of intellectual interest, and who declared that undergraduates should not spend more than half their time in study, was also a prominent member of the top Senior Society, Skull and Bones; he even presided with gusto over their somewhat cruel initiations. This leads to the query, has Professor Pierson, for all his candor, "told all"? At Harvard, it was currently believed that Skull and Bones was the "invisible government" of Yale, even through the Angell administration. As the story went, the Dean, and, the several Bones members of the Faculty and of the Corporation, met weekly with the undergraduate members in the tomb-like building that housed this society, and made the real decisions about Yale College—especially about what the President was to be allowed to get away with. This may be only gossip; but there are so many frank admissions in this book of Bones influence pervading Yale College that one suspects it may have been substantially correct.

Bones, however, came a cropper in the election of President Hadley's successor in 1921. Professor Pierson had gone into this election in considerable detail. The Corporation, which had managed to retain the right to elect the President, consisted of six Bones men, five former members of Scroll and Key (the next most powerful Senior Society), two Sheffield Scientific School graduates, and three clergymen without club affiliations. World War I was just over, the College was "bursting at the seams," and among the alumni there was a feeling that Yale was slipping, and that it was time for a new deal, which she would never get from another Bones Administration. The Bones candidate was the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, President Hadley's secretary. But, on a trial of strength, it was found that no Bones man could win, and that if the Merovingian dynasty must fall, no Carolingian would be acceptable; it must be a Capetian—a non-Yale graduate. Many were the suggestions; some of them (such as General Leonard Wood and H. G. Wells) seem fantastic. Dwight Morrow, Cal Coolidge's Amherst classmate, could have had it, but he preferred to stay with the House of Morgan. The contest within the Corporation lasted for ten months. Finally a dark horse from Michigan, James R. Angell, won. Great was the wailing and gnashing of teeth; but all Yale loyally rallied around the new incumbent; and the presidency of Angell—despite many frustrations (among which Dean

Jones was not the least)—became the most brilliant in achievement in Yale's long history.

Great administrator and academic leader as President Angell proved to be, he always felt an outsider at Yale; and that, combined with his natural diffidence, was responsible for the one big fumble of his administration, fortunately not irreparable, the loss of the Harkness house plan to Harvard.

Here the full and true story is told for the first time. It was currently supposed that the Yale Faculty was at fault; that it kicked the Harkness plan about for almost two years without reaching a decision, in consequence of which the outraged philanthropist went to Cambridge and tossed his plan in President Lowell's lap. The first part of this is not true. The Yale Faculty was never really consulted; never knew what was in the wind. Owing in part to Harkness's insistence on secrecy, but mostly to President Angell's diffidence and lack of force, the Faculty was merely asked to come up with some plan to solve the press of numbers and the deterioration in students' living conditions. Not knowing that there were millions of dollars crying to be spent, the Faculty wasted its time and effort on various cheap or half-way solutions. And, as Harkness was not a Bones man, Bones was not consulted.

In accepting the Harkness house plan, Lowell acted as the benevolent despot that he was; but it is not correct to say, as Professor Pierson does, that the Harvard Houses were "launched in an atmosphere of animosity tinged with rebellion." The Faculty of Arts and Sciences was not too pleased to have something so important put over on them, but with few exceptions they admitted its value and necessity. The final-club men, whom Lowell had cautiously reassured (since he knew that Woodrow Wilson's similar plan at Princeton had foundered on the rock of the dining clubs), raised few objections; they already had what they wanted and were told that they could keep it. The real opposition came from the general body of undergraduates, who enjoyed their facility in forming groups of congenial friends and their freedom from social compulsion, and feared regimentation under house-masters who would be glorified school headmasters. All these doubts vanished within a year, and the alumni were won over by the fact that Harvard had scored on Yale.

But the game was not over, as we know. Harkness generously

returned to Alma Mater with a similar offer, and Yale obtained her Colleges shortly after Harvard built her Houses.

All in all, this is an absorbingly interesting work, well written, and a mine of information for American academic history in the twentieth century. One main omission, however, must be noted. The term academic freedom is not once mentioned. Was it never challenged at Yale in this period? Were the Yale alumni so loyal to their college administrations that appointments and text-books were never challenged in the era of red-baiting? Surely not; but whatever went on in that way, soon passed. Certainly no university administrations in the United States have been more consistently faithful to the ideal of free learning, or so active in promoting academic excellence of every kind, or so wise in rejecting temporary fads and fancies, as those of Presidents Angell, Seymour and Griswold. And if Harvard was the more observant of St. Paul's, "Prove all things," Yale remained faithful to the second half of his injunction, "Hold fast that which is good."

S. E. MORISON.

The Mind and Art of Henry Adams. By J. C. Levenson (Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1957. Pp. x, 430. \$6.00.)

Mr. Levenson, in this remarkable book, notes the importance of the titles Henry Adams gave—and did not give—to his books. His own title suggests the importance of the question, for although there is a careful, scholarly and critical assessment of the mind of Henry Adams, it is the art that fascinates Mr. Levenson and should draw readers to him. And that is not only justice, it is prudence, in the admirer of Henry Adams, for in this crowded day, his rank as a thinker, even as a narrative historian, would not entitle him to the attention that he still gets and deserves. Neither Anglo-Saxon law nor the world importance of the resistance movement in Haiti are the Adams discoveries that the world will not soon forget. They are already forgotten. It is the imperfect discovery or revelation, the life-long pursuit of Henry Brooks Adams that keep our interest alive. For the rest "the world will little note or long remember" Adams the scholar or theorist of the law of phase, to quote from a very un-Bostonian master of American prose.

Mr. Levenson is not taken in by the bogus science and second-hand philosophy of Adams' last years, by the rehash of Kelvin and Clerk Maxwell (not sufficiently distinguished from each other) with which he bored or baffled his friends and admirers. But he is less willing than Adams was or professed to be to speculate on the possible emptiness of the grounds for Adams' formal fame before the posthumous explosion of his genius. No doubt Anglo-Saxon law was a worthy if now hopelessly outdated effort. (It may be suggested that it is harder, as generations of assailants of that cagey scholar have found, to turn the carefully guarded flanks of Bishop Stubbs than Mr. Levenson supposes.) But here Adams is competing on very unequal terms with Maitland. He is also, as an historian of Jefferson and Madison, competing with Bancroft and Macaulay. His was a notable contribution but has the American public which has so steadily resisted repeated temptations to read him, been totally wrong? Mr. Levenson notes the colorless character of the narrative, only coming to life and movement briefly in a few lines about American ships and sailors. The high-above-the-battle attitude, the mannered irony have a faintly somnolent effect and the reflections that seem more solemn than profound, make some readers regret the lack of Benthamite clarity and confidence of Hildreth. They make more regret the absence of Parkman's power and fear that Adams could have taken the drama out of the Homeric story of Montcalm and Wolfe. Two reasons may be suggested for this dryness. Adams was, if not a Bostonian, yet a part of the Harvard-Boston-Quincy triangle. He was more at home in the Tuileries than in Fort Dearborn, understood Talleyrand better than Jackson (or Jacob Brown). He was equally handi-capped when he came to contemplate the ease and grace of Virginia, exemplified in Jefferson. It was not only that he remembered his grandfather's unforgiving estimate of Jefferson better than the reconciliation of his great-grandfather's old age. There was something *wrong* in the success, in the fame, in the overpowering reputation of Jefferson. It is for that reason that some readers find the *Gallatin* more interesting and more a work of art than the *History*. Gallatin was the kind of statesman Henry Adams would have liked to be; the aristocratic republic of Geneva, the Platonic Commonwealth would have had a due respect for and a proper place for a family like the Adamases. Perhaps Henry Adams might have

reflected more on the fact that, like Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Albert Gallatin found Geneva too cold to hold him. There was, to quote a famous family joke, too much "cold roast Boston" about Geneva for Gallatin. And there might have been too much of it for Adams.

But there was another weakness in Adams as an historian, a thinker, a man of letters. He was curiously indifferent to poetry. Like his grandfather John Quincy (and like his *bête noire* Lord John Russell) he was prone to versifying, but he had no talent for it. (Even his versions of Latin hymns are unremarkable.) He seems to have been deaf to the subtler music of verse which may account for his comic over-estimate of "Bay" Lodge. But, more important, he retreated too much. Mr. Levenson notes this repeated doubling, this passion for concealment. In an amusing and characteristic anecdote, Mr. Levenson tells us of how many conditions Adams laid down before accepting a Harvard honorary degree, provoking from President Eliot, the magisterial and deserved rebuke, that he seemed to think he was conferring the degree on himself. So when a professor at Harvard, he ostentatiously cut himself off from the society of the university and that by more than choosing to live in Boston. Would he not have been better employed, even as an historian, in rubbing his mind against that of C. S. Peirce and William James (or the young Santayana) than in the society of Henry Cabot Lodge and John Hay? His letters show a numbing indifference to what was alive in art and letters in France while he lived there. (They are far more philistine than the letters of Theodore Roosevelt.) He was a little too much like Proust in his cork-lined room in the Boulevard Malesherbes, in his preposterous romanesque house in Washington. (His admiration for Richardson is revealing of his limitations. It is hard to believe that if he had gone south to Auvergne, had known Notre Dame du Port or Issoire, he could have taken Trinity Church seriously. So in his *de haut en bas* account of St. Louis he ignores the great bridge. How the great Norman builders would have admired it!)

This caginess poses other problems. We know that he was a friend and admirer of the first Lord Houghton. Well and good. But there was another side to Lord Houghton than that commemorated by Sir George Trevelyan. He was more than the man "whom the Gods call Dicky Milnes." He was the great expert on what Professor Mario Praz has taught us to call "the romantic agony."

We know the rôle he played in the erotic education of Swinburne. Did he play no rôle in the education of Adams? It is not visible where it would have been most useful, in the life of Randolph, a worse book than Mr. Levenson will admit. But Mr. Levenson is not given to idle praise. He sometimes does put forward a plea in extenuation that may not be justified. Is there any evidence that Adams' "Duke of Bridgewater" came from *Huckleberry Finn* and not from the memory of the great English undertaker? But it is a tribute to Mr. Levenson—and still more to the genius of this fascinating and maddening and still largely secret figure—that yet another book on Henry Adams should seem so abundantly justified and should send us back to much, though not to all of the "oeuvre."

D. W. BROGAN.

Neilson of Smith. By Margaret Farrand Thorp. (New York: Oxford University Press. 1956. Pp. vii, 363. \$7.00.)

Someone has said that in fiction "virtue will not take a polish." Any reader of novels written when virtuous characters were still in fashion will agree that this is so—unless the novelist has uncommon skill. The virtuous fare even worse in biography than in fiction and the college president as badly as any, if not worst of all. Condemned by the exigencies of his trade to talk solemnly on all sorts of public occasions, his image in the popular mind is too often as colorless as the marble bust and as lifeless as the formal academic portrait by which he is likely to be commemorated. And when his biography is written, unless it is done by someone as expert as Mrs. Thorp, the popular image too often dominates and he is inflated into a shapeless effigy.

William Allan Neilson had great wisdom and keen wit; he was a much beloved teacher and one of the great college presidents of his day. Best of all, he was a richly humane—and "human"—man who never allowed his high position and his concern with grave matters to make him pompous, dull his humor, or cool the warmth of his affection for his students and friends. Mrs. Thorp's biography portrays him in the colors of life. Here is the earnest young man who made his way from a small district school in Scotland to the University of Edinburgh, and the teacher at Upper Canada Col-

lege, Bryn Mawr College, Columbia, and Harvard, who crowned his career by his fruitful service as president of Smith College. Here is the vacationer, swimming off the Maine coast, and using as a study there a tent outside his house which he defended against all intruders. Here are the professor championing the study of literature at Harvard when the emphasis was on philology; the instructor withering idle students with the sharpness of his tongue but warmly encouraging those who wanted to learn; the good companion and favorite dinner guest, the diligent cigar smoker, the *raconteur* of Scotch stories, and the man of letters who read widely and talked as easily as he read. And here of course is the scholar holding his work to the strictest standards of precision but impatient of pedantry. All these and more Mrs. Thorp sketches with firm strokes. She is as much concerned with the personality of her subject as with his professional achievement and keeps a nice balance between the presentation of what Neilson did and what he was. She relies heavily on what he wrote and said, but she is not deceived by the notion that the best biography is one told as completely as possible in the author's own words. She does not hide her opinions, least of all her affection for her subject. Her portrait is the more vivid because the reader is allowed to see something of its artist's standards of judgment.

Mrs. Thorp goes most deeply into Neilson's years at Smith; a little more about his years at Harvard and Radcliffe would have pleased some of those who knew him there. He was, as Mrs. Thorp points out, more interested than most of his colleagues in the importance of higher education for women. He therefore enjoyed, as many of them did not, teaching at Radcliffe College. He liked the admiration his classes gave him but was also embarrassed by it or pretended to be, so much so that one Christmas Eve, finding in his vestibule a large potted plant, he burst out "those damned Radcliffe girls!" (The storm passed as quickly as it arose when his wife told him that the gift was not from his adoring students but from her.) A half dozen men remember after the lapse of more than forty years the brilliance of his rhetoric when he was confronted by a member of one of his Harvard classes who had never heard of Pontius Pilate. But he could be gentle as well as severe in correcting the shortcomings of students. Once when he and Mrs. Neilson were entertaining a group of undergraduates at supper he found

one of them who had never tasted beer. His first reaction was startled incredulity and his next, sympathy. Then came a surge of missionary zeal, expressed in an impromptu sermon, gentle, humorous, and immensely persuasive, on the folly of ignoring any of the blessings divinely vouchsafed to fallen man.

Mrs. Thorp's book, however, could not have been as good as it is had she tried to include much more than she has. A large part of its excellence comes from her skill in picking out from the mass of available material the most evocative details. She quotes from Neilson's speeches and letters the paragraphs that best illustrate both what he thought and his special skill in expressing it. She concentrates on those events of his crowded life which reveal most fully his achievement and character. The result is a book which will delight not only those who knew and loved Neilson and those who from a greater distance admire him because of his achievement at Smith College, but also everyone concerned with higher education in this country. And those who know, as Carlyle did, that "a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one" will treasure this expertly related story of a life thoroughly well spent.

KENNETH B. MURDOCK.

The Victorian Frame of Mind: 1830-1870. By Walter E. Houghton.
(Published for Wellesley College by Yale University Press. New Haven. 1957. Pp. xvii, 467. \$6.00.)

Dr. Holmes said that there was enough of England about Boston to make a good English dictionary. In recent years, students of New England (and American) literature so tend to resent this admission of "colonialism" that they strive to tell the native story as though Mr. Jefferson's Embargo of 1807 had thereafter prohibited the importation of English books as well as textiles. As a matter of fact, no student can make the least sense out of the story of New England expression in the nineteenth century unless he knows what was the over-powering force of English thought. To understand not only Dr. Holmes but also Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Melville, one has to know what the "early Victorian" English mentality contained. In that awareness, I call to the attention of readers of *THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY* this quietly revolutionary analy-

sis of the Victorian frame of mind; I am persuaded that it will have effects, both contential and methodological, upon historical evaluation in both the Englands.

It will be interesting to see what, if anything, our English cousins make of a book on so central a period of their own recent experience which makes so comprehensive, so surgical, an anatomization of it, beyond anything which their scholarship exhibits an inclination to achieve.

Although the history of England is rich with thought, Englishmen who have devoted themselves to this department of the national record have generally followed the example of, for instance, Leslie Stephen's classic *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, which is to string the story as a succession of biographical beads—Butler, Hume, Burke, etc. The same conception of method informs such later works as the nineteenth-century studies of Basil Willey or the charming anecdotes of Esme Wingfield-Stratford. Many of us, I feel, have long been crying that something more organic, more structural, ought to be done with the modern English centuries, but especially with the mid-nineteenth century. Mr. Houghton has done just that.

At the same time, I think it fair to say that Mr. Houghton had also to put aside the precepts of most American practitioners of the art which has come to be called either "history of ideas" or "intellectual history." Most of these have taken some convenient catalogue of obvious "ideas"—*e.g.* religion and science, slavery, evolution—and have assumed that they discussed the life of the mind by presenting an inventory.

Mr. Houghton creates an exciting and highly informative book by organizing his chapters around basic attitudes, complexes of both emotion and thought—around what I am tempted to call (if I use the word correctly) syndromes—of the Victorian mentality. His chapters are such rubrics as "Optimism," "Anxiety," "Earnestness," "Enthusiasm," "Love," "Hypocrisy." These are not conventional items, such as "the warfare of science and religion," but after the reader has lived through the several complexes of Mr. Houghton's analyses, he knows more about the actual import of the shock to religion given by nineteenth-century science than he will learn from any monograph on geology or on Darwinism. And above all, the reader will know more about the tensions, contradictions,

uniformities of the age, than he may ever learn from particular studies of Carlyle, Mill, Arnold, or Tennyson.

Mr. Houghton does not attempt to set forth the full range of the thinking of any of his central characters. He lets them appear, along with a thousand lesser figures, just as the theme calls for their appearance. But the result, thanks to his skillful evocation, is to give us a sense of them all, not only in and for themselves, but as they stand in relation to each other. The last notion he has in mind is to impose upon the Victorian mind any preconceived scheme of consistency: he enables one to understand of that era—and by implication of our own different but not too different era—how the most sentient of intelligences can simultaneously hold essentially contradictory conceptions. Except that, his being a highly sophisticated study, Mr. Houghton implicitly suggests that a skilled twentieth-century mind may circumvent the Victorian, not necessarily in providing answers to the questions with which Victorians tormented or amused themselves, but rather by perceiving the provenience out of which the questions arose, so that (indeed) the questions themselves become the material of history.

In his preliminary notes, Mr. Houghton intimates that he has been at work on this book for some twenty-five or more years. The result is undoubtedly one of those rare and beautiful distillations of a long period of scholarship, of a saturation in the material, until the fortunate reader knows in every sentence that he is receiving the benefit of thousands and thousands of unquoted pages. I feel that this book is an essential work for every student of nineteenth-century New England and America; but more than this, I am persuaded that here is a study of immense significance in terms of method.

PERRY MILLER.

The Triumphant Empire: New Responsibilities within the Enlarged Empire 1763-1766. By Lawrence Henry Gipson. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1956. Pp. xlv, 345, xlv. \$7.50.)

The present work is the ninth volume of Professor Gipson's series entitled *The British Empire before the American Revolution*. It begins with a brief general chapter and an account of British domestic politics in the early 1760's, and then turns to an ex-

amination of the developments of those years in the several territories—among them Canada, East and West Florida, and certain West Indian islands—that had been acquired by Great Britain as a result of the Seven Years' War. The differences that arose in this period between the mother country and her older American dependencies are to be discussed in a later volume; consequently *The Triumphant Empire*, in spite of the dates in its subtitle, contains no reference to the momentous and controversial parliamentary enactments of 1764-1766.

The book is carefully documented, dispassionate, and generally judicious, as far as it goes. These are considerable virtues; but many readers will find them outweighed by the book's defects. For one thing, it suffers badly from a lack of unity. What we are offered is not really a single coherent segment of the broad history of an empire, but rather a number of oppressively detailed and largely unrelated chapters from the local histories of several widely scattered territories that happened to acknowledge George III as their sovereign. (Indeed, India, whose tangled affairs fill some sixty pages of the book, had not at that time even this political allegiance in common with the other territories that Mr. Gipson discusses.)

Of course, one must not make the mistake of judging this volume outside the context of the series of which it is a part. To a certain extent its aimless quality was imposed by the heterogeneous nature of the subject matter with which Mr. Gipson had to deal. Furthermore some particular facts whose broader significance is not fully apparent in this volume will be seen—from the perspective of the next—to fall into their places in the general scheme.

One such point bears importantly upon the serious long-term problem of defense against the Indians and of keeping order in the trans-Appalachian and Great Lakes regions after the Seven Years' War. This dual task, as Mr. Gipson will remind us in his next volume, was assigned by the London government to British regular soldiers, who were to be maintained out of the proceeds of the new stamp tax. The colonists, of course, contended not only that the tax was illegal but that the troops were not needed anyway, since the Americans could do the job themselves. In anticipation, as it were, of the latter argument, Mr. Gipson takes pains in the present volume to show that the Cherokee War (1759-1761)

and Pontiac's Rebellion (1763) were successfully terminated only by hard campaigning on the part of British regulars. (Those who believe that Indians could be defeated only by frontier riflemen sniping from behind trees should be interested to learn that these British troops usually fought in the orthodox eighteenth-century manner, firing by platoon and making on at least one occasion a bayonet charge that proved devastatingly effective.)

Yet however important it may have been to establish this and other points, many an exasperated reader will wish that Mr. Gipson had done so either in a livelier manner or, failing that, more concisely, without encumbering his narrative with so many wholly unessential names and details: no historian who has Francis Parkman as his rival can well afford to be dull. It may be true, as Mr. Gipson warns us, that Parkman, though a "delightful" and "glamorous" writer, should be read "with great caution"; but Mr. Gipson, alas, though accurate enough, can only be read—well, with great perseverance.

If *The Triumphant Empire* is unsatisfactory, then, the reason is to be found partly in the rather mixed bag of subjects that Mr. Gipson had to cover, and partly in his ponderous and excessively detailed treatment of each of them. And yet his failure to show much of a relation between the various territories he describes, or to present a convincingly integrated picture of the empire, may well reflect something more fundamental than mere deficiencies of execution, or problems peculiar to the present volume; it may, I suggest, betray a basic and essential inadequacy in Mr. Gipson's whole approach, and thus concern not just the volume under review but the rest of his series as well.

Let us examine in this connection the connotations of a characteristic phrase used by Mr. Gipson to explain the important power of "disallowance": The Privy Council, he says, could nullify any act passed by a colonial legislature if that act "was found to be . . . in opposition to the *welfare of the Empire in general*." Two important questions suggest themselves at once: First, to just what extent *was* the old empire a real entity with a distinct "general welfare" of its own, and not a motley aggregation of scattered dependencies, some of which were British in only the most tenuous sense, and most of which had few feelings of true community toward the rest, except when the French were near? Second—and

quite apart from the problem of the *objective* reality or non-reality of an imperial common good—did British ministers and officials as a rule think primarily in terms of such a common good when they decided matters involving the colonies? And if they did in fact have this lofty ideal in mind, how consistently and how capably did they work and plan in its behalf?

These strike me as interesting and highly important questions—questions that any student of the old empire ought continually to be raising. But Mr. Gipson never really faces the first at all; and any reader who hopes for a penetrating and sophisticated approach to the second should be disillusioned at once by the tone of Mr. Gipson's introductory chapter on the structure and processes of the British government in the eighteenth century. There he tells us, for example, that the Lords of Trade "were able to give their full attention" to business, being "paid to do so," and that they had at hand "a rich depository of information." "Yet, even so," he adds, "the Board might have lacked the wisdom to proffer sound advice to its superiors had it not had available either the services of the Attorney General and the Solicitor General or those of their own highly competent legal counsel, who would prepare [their opinions] with care." "Final decisions by the King in Council," we are told, "were arrived at by a remarkably impartial, cool, deliberate process."

Now I do not say that these statements are flatly wrong, so long as they are taken only as descriptions of the system as it was intended to function. It is useful, indeed, to emphasize the fact that the arrangements for handling colonial affairs were not so utterly haphazard as used to be believed. But surely one ought to go on from there, as Mr. Gipson never really does, and ask whether the system worked as perfectly as all that in actual practice. To cite a familiar instance that he ignores: Among those public servants who were paid to give their "full attention" to colonial affairs was one Edward Gibbon, who somehow managed to find time enough during his three years on the Board of Trade to bring out two massive volumes of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Gibbon's engagingly frank description of the Board's work (in his *Autobiography*) is markedly unlike Mr. Gipson's: "It must be allowed that our duty was not intolerably severe, and that I en-

joyed many days and weeks of repose without being called away from my library to the office."

In the two volumes that will follow *The Triumphant Empire*, Mr. Gipson will have a very different sort of story to tell. Perhaps the necessity of explaining the breakdown of the old imperial system will force him to make a more realistic appraisal of its defects than he has done thus far. And we may be permitted to hope, too, that in recounting the events that resulted in the violent separation of America from Great Britain, he will give us not only the details, but also some of the breadth and perceptiveness that the grandeur and the tragedy of his theme both require and deserve.

THOMAS W. PERRY.

The Themes of Henry James. By Edwin T. Bowden. (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1956. Pp. xiii, 115. \$3.00.)

This short study offers James's interest in the visual arts as "a means of approach" to the common themes of much of his fiction. But Mr. Bowden also finds that "The arts are frequently an aid to the understanding of plot and character as well, and lead the reader to a recognition of more minute and perhaps at times less important elements." The first chapter is biographical, summarizing James's artistic activities as a critic, traveller and observer, and establishing some of his esthetic principles. The remaining chapters discuss in varying detail James's novels from *Roderick Hudson* to *The Outcry*. Chapters II and III present the "European-American theme," describing James's early definition of a contrast between the museum of Europe and the cultural blank of the American scene; special attention is paid to *The American* and *The Europeans*.

Chapter IV introduces the new "theme of moral decision" with an excellent discussion of *The Portrait of a Lady* as a transitional novel, and includes a rather detailed treatment of *The Spoils of Poynton*. This chapter contains an analysis of the sterile estheticism of Gilbert Osmond and Mrs. Gereth, and a needed refutation of any simple equation of James's moral and esthetic standards. In spite of his emphasis on the complexities of the moral-

esthetic relationship, however, some of Mr. Bowden's own attempts to define its terms are disappointing in their over-simplification: "The moral decision . . . is seldom a matter only of an ethical choice between right and wrong, but more often involves a choice between two ways of life, one offering some opportunity for a greater fulfillment of the possibilities of the human spirit, and the other offering eventual frustration and aridity."

Except for an extended discussion of *The Wings of the Dove* as a "fulfillment of the conjunction" of the two themes, chapter V marks time with a description of James's technical experiments. Then *The Ambassadors* and *The Golden Bowl* are presented as "continued fulfillment of the final synthesis of themes."

Though Mr. Bowden touches upon many novels, he does not claim to define more than "one large segment" of James's mind; his study is not an insistent interpretation, but best described as *suggestive*. As the subtitle implies, it offers both the casual reader of James and the devoted critic "a system of observation through the visual arts." For both types of readers, the book, by gathering a small, miscellaneous collection of interesting sidelights and pleasant recognitions, forms a sampler of the concrete details of James's art of the novel. Several brief suggestions of the functional role of description of rooms and houses are particularly striking. But finally this study is valuable for more than a few hints and suggestions; it is of special interest to the student of James because of its treatment of the key relationship of life and art. It must be to this that the author refers in his Preliminary Note, in stating that his approach "offered the scholar . . . an interpretation which often differed . . . from the commonly accepted."

For James's emphasis on what Mr. Bowden calls the "human suggestiveness of a work of art" is well established in the first chapter by a discussion of his standards of portraiture and his criticism in "Season in London" of the paintings of Burne-Jones as "the art of culture, of reflection, of intellectual luxury, of aesthetic refinement, of people who look at the world and at life not directly, as it were, and in all its accidental reality. . . ." Of related discussions of James's mature fiction, that of *The Portrait of a Lady* is the best. The author places this novel in his second division of James's work because its central meaning is not "the importance of taste to life but . . . the importance of human morality to taste." Partic-

ularly notable are his contrast of the values of Ralph Touchett and Gilbert Osmond and his brief description of the disillusioned Isabel's deepening appreciation of what he terms "morality," of "life," of the "human" rather than the "esthetic" element in Rome. Other highlights are the author's identification of Ricks's ghosts in *The Spoils of Poynton* as "an added feeling of human values and human history" brought about by the struggle of esthetic and more conventionally "moral" values, and his analysis of the Ververs' use of the arts as a refuge from feared reality in *The Golden Bowl*. By contrast, Mr. Bowden feels that in *The Wings of the Dove* Milly Theale surrounds herself with the art of Europe because of an intense love of life. He finds the Palazzo Leporelli a moving representation of "the suggestion of history, of tradition, of appreciation"—of the full life and immortality denied to the dying girl—and a culmination of the meaning of great art for James himself.

But the reader's impression is less unified than the above would suggest. Indeed, this book would often puzzle a new reader of James by skirting the central incidents and movement of the novels discussed. Even in the section on *The Portrait of a Lady*, the emphasis is not sufficiently on Isabel's consciousness; the author's insight into the meaning of the novel is chiefly illustrated by analyses of secondary characters; the irony of James's key descriptions of Isabel's romantic book-fed imagination is missed. It is not Isabel's "love of art and desire for knowledge" that betray her into marriage with Gilbert Osmond, as Mr. Bowden states, but rather a flaw in her esthetic attitudes (her interest in human "specimens," "romantic effects," "picturesque" revolutions); it is her own tendency to view life in terms of art that renders her blind to Osmond's true character. For, in general, the author has trouble with James's passionate pilgrims. In keeping with his early description of Mary Garland as "James's American in Europe," he presents the European-American theme as a static contrast of backgrounds, of the full or barren life. As the problem is much more complex, the "line of continuity" Mr. Bowden tries to establish is often vague (several novels are even discussed out of their chronological order), and his effort to bind together the European-American and moral-esthetic themes of the three climactic novels is greatly weakened.

For, finally, Mr. Bowden does his system of observation an injustice. The two themes he derives from it are more organically related than he realizes, and together can lead to a more sustained and functional interpretation. In several references to characters as atypical American tourists (one gathers that he considers the "innocent abroad" typical), he shows that he has forgotten the literary background of James's early writing (of the unstable mixture of literary effusion and patriotic and moral revulsion of "Gabrielle de Bergerac," "Travelling Companions," "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Madame de Mauves," and *Roderick Hudson*). As this early work indicates, the American tourist tradition includes not only Mark Twain's boorishness, but the guide-book rapture, satirized in *Innocents Abroad*, of the European descriptions of Irving, Hawthorne, and the countless novellas and travelogues of the later nineteenth century. As a corollary to this, Mr. Bowden does not take into account James's own literary pilgrimage. The moral-esthetic values of the mature novelist must be viewed against his previous search for "tonic picturesqueness." In speaking of James as simply "tiring" of the international theme, he explains the shift of interest in *The Portrait of a Lady* much too mechanically; the comedy of Louis Leverett in "A Bundle of Letters" offers a much better explanation: by 1880 James had begun to satirize his former self, to shift his interest from the observed contrast to the observer, from "local color" to the problem of the morality (and accuracy) of the American pilgrim's "aesthetic" vision. The limits of Mr. Bowden's approach are perhaps most obvious in his analysis of *The Ambassadors*. Following James's preliminary outline of the story, he misinterprets the whole movement of the novel, finding the "germ" of its moral theme in Strether's early exhortation to Bilham to "live." Though he states that the Paris of *The Ambassadors* is not "the city of reality," and that as the novel progresses its protagonist thinks increasingly in terms of "the picture," Mr. Bowden does not see the significance of these observations for Strether's mode of perception; it is because of these very facts that chapters XXX and XXXI form the real center of the completed novel. The drama of Strether's education is brought to a climax by his increasing tendency (made literal in chapter XXX) to view life (Paris, the French countryside, and, more particularly, the human realities of the relationship of Chad and Mme. de

Vionnet) within the "enclosing lines" of an "oblong gilt frame." The ironic tone of James's description of Strether's "Lambinet" is unmistakable (particularly in view of the direct parody of the expansion of Longmore's consciousness in "Madame de Mauves"). The high point of Strether's appreciation of the human being is not, as Mr. Bowden thinks, his early agreement with Bilham that "by something in the air, our squalor didn't show. It puts us all back—into the last century.", but his final awakening to the cruder realities of that century, his perception of "the smell of revolution, the smell of the public temper,—or perhaps simply the smell of blood."

ELAINE COULTER.

The Law of the Commonwealth and Chief Justice Shaw. By Leonard W. Levy. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1957. Pp. viii, 383. \$6.50.)

It is ninety-seven years since Lemuel Shaw on August 21, 1860, resigned as Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts after thirty years in that office. At the time of his retirement, in the words of his biographer,¹ throughout "the State Shaw was revered as no other man of his time, except perhaps Webster."² Reverence for the great Chief Justice has continued through the intervening century, not only among Massachusetts judges and lawyers, but on the part of all students of the common law.

¹ See Judge Frederic Hathaway Chase's highly readable *Lemuel Shaw: Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, 1830-1860* (Boston, 1918), p. 289. For shorter accounts of Shaw, see the excellent note by the late Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., *Dictionary of American Biography*, xvii, 42-43, and Professor Joseph H. Beale's essay in Lewis, *Great American Lawyers*, iii, 455-490.

² Theodore Chase, Esq. of the Boston bar generously made available to the reviewer some notes made by his father in preparing his biography of Shaw (note 1, supra). These notes included one unduly fulsome example in rhyme (author not identified) of the contemporary expressions of admiration for the Chief Justice which should not be lost:—

"Chiefest of Chiefs! A brain without a flaw!
Should chaos touch it, that would turn to law."

A more restrained expression of the very great respect for Shaw entertained by the Massachusetts bar in 1860 will be found in the proceedings on his retirement, 15 Gray, 599-608. See also the recent appraisal of Shaw by his distinguished successor, Chief Justice Rugg, in 272 Mass. 591, 597.

That the decisions of Shaw, Kent, Gibson and other early state judges continue to be regarded so highly, is probably in large measure because they wrote in the formative period of American law. The cases which they decided were often of first impression and directed the future course of the law. Few opinions of today's state court judges are likely to have similar importance or to be known well by the American bar in 2057.

The continuing interest in Shaw's contribution to the public law of Massachusetts is perhaps shown in some degree by the fact that, a century after his work was completed, a leading university press finds it worthwhile to publish Professor Levy's analysis of Shaw's decisions of major public interest, running with appendices, tables, and indices to nearly 400 pages. Chief Justice Shaw's opinions have not hitherto been considered at length as a whole by lawyers or legal historians, but rather case by case as high points in the decisional law of Massachusetts. For this reason a careful historical study and appraisal of a part (even if only a part) of Shaw's judicial writing is a very significant addition to the legal and historical literature of the Commonwealth.

Professor Levy (p. 4) does not claim to have written a biography and his book contains little biographical material (pp. 1-28). The inclusion of more ample biographical matter would have added to the book's interest for the general reader as well as for lawyers and would have given a better picture of Shaw as a man. Similarly a detailed consideration of Shaw's contributions to the private law of Massachusetts might have led to a somewhat broader perspective in considering what, for convenience, may be called his public law decisions as well as affording a more balanced portrayal of Shaw as a judge. Important as the public decisions were, they constituted³ only one phase of Shaw's heavy judicial work (on appeal and at *nisi prius*).

One, however, must judge the book by its success in achieving

³ Chief Justice Elijah Adlow of the Municipal Court of the City of Boston, in an able review of Professor Levy's book (42 Mass. L. Q., No. 1, 47-51), gives as an estimate that Shaw wrote over 2,200 opinions (an average of over 70 per year) for the full court of the Supreme Judicial Court (see also 272 Mass. 591, 601). The table of decisions in Professor Levy's book (which includes a number of opinions not written by Shaw) lists only about 400 to 450 cases. Many Massachusetts lawyers would regard some of the private law opinions not discussed with nearly as much interest as the public law cases.

what Professor Levy has attempted, an intensive analysis of Shaw's major cases in specified fields of public law from the standpoint of a legal historian interested in the judicial resolution of social conflicts in those fields. One could wish that the author of such a painstaking work could have brought to it, in addition to his historical training, a background of solid experience as a practising lawyer familiar with the problems involved in advising clients and in litigation. Such experience might have led him to modify his appraisals in some instances. However, Professor Levy's approach is not that of a lawyer (at page 5 he disclaims legal training) but that of a historian interested primarily in social problems. Within the limitations which Professor Levy has set for himself, he has provided the bar⁴ and historians with an exceedingly valuable study of legal development during an early thirty-year period of the Commonwealth's great industrial growth.

There can be no doubt of Professor Levy's great respect and admiration for Shaw, of whom he says (p. 196), "His whole judicial career is evidence of supreme integrity built upon devotion to, even obsession with, principle. . . . He did not succumb . . . ever to any course of conduct which he regarded as inconsistent with his understanding of the law or his obligations as a judge." The author's admiration, of course, does not prevent him from questioning the result or the reasoning of particular decisions (as, for example, certain railroad cases, pp. 140-165, 332, and the "fellow servant" cases, pp. 166-182, 320-321), and he does so in some instances with great thoroughness.

It may be that Professor Levy occasionally does forget, despite his obvious efforts (see, for example, pp. 320-321, 327) to avoid doing so, that he has had the advantage of a century (since Shaw's retirement) of legislation and growth in public understanding of social problems. Any tendency to judge 19th-century decisions in the light of 20th-century attitudes is, however, probably natural enough, in considering early opinions on public issues which still have importance today.

This is not the place for a detailed consideration of the legal

⁴ The book has already been cited by the court. *Davenport v. Danvers*, Mass. Adv. Sh. (1957) 727, 730, fn. 1. In matters where the historical background of present-day public law is important, practitioners will receive much help from Professor Levy's collections and appraisals of the early cases.

analysis which Professor Levy has made of particular decisions. Some of his conclusions may not gain immediate, or even eventual, acceptance by practitioners and courts. Some, such as the adverse comments (pp. 109-117, 328) on the 1849 decision of *Roberts v. Boston*, 5 Cush. 198 (approving segregation in the Boston public schools) are views early adopted (St. 1855, c. 256, § 1) by the Massachusetts Legislature and now accepted by the Supreme Court of the United States. His conclusions, however, are based in general on such a careful and thorough consideration of relevant decisions and text authorities, as to compel admiration for his industry and imaginative resourcefulness in research. When such research is made available with careful documentation, the bench and bar, as well as those interested in New England's history, must be grateful to the author.

R. AMMI CUTLER.

In Quest of Love: The Life and Death of Margaret Fuller. By Faith Chipperfield. (New York: Coward-McCann. 1957. Pp. 320. \$5.00.)

American historiography would benefit greatly by a good biography of Margaret Fuller. One of the most remarkable of American women, she was a forerunner of all those who have "made their way in a man's world," insisting on recognition for themselves as equal to men, and gaining it.

Unfortunately this biography fails to give a sufficiently rounded account that could add much to our understanding. "Is it not time," Miss Chipperfield asks in her introduction, "to forget the Margaret Fuller of Victorian legend and remember the Margaret Fuller who lived and longed for love?" If this is all Margaret Fuller was, she would hardly merit a serious work about her.

Without documentation, except for a bibliography at the end, *In Quest of Love* is essentially a tedious account of the love affairs of a rather repressed, inhibited woman. To judge from this book, Margaret Fuller was always interested in men. She admired them from a distance, but never dared approach them, with the result that she passed the fateful thirty mark a prim and outwardly austere maiden lady, intellectually arrogant. Men could admire her for her mental capacities, but would never desire her physically.

Possibly Miss Chipperfield's interpretation is correct. Certainly her aim in emphasizing her subject's human qualities is well taken. Too often we have thought of New England's intellectuals as asexual, cerebral beings. It is well for us to realize that they were passionate, and that their activity and moral zeal are reflections of passion.

The question is, however, whether the author has emphasized love-interest while slighting the actual achievements of Margaret Fuller, which set her off from the hundreds of millions of love-lorn women who have eaten out their hearts in vain throughout recorded history, and probably even before that. The reader gets from this book a very sketchy discussion of the *Dial*, the famous "Conversations," the Transcendentalists, and Margaret's work on the *New York Tribune*. One cannot help feeling that a more complete account of these aspects of her career, added to the discussion of her love affairs would have produced a much more significant study.

When Miss Chipperfield controls her tendency to excessive comment, she writes smoothly and with sensitivity. For the most part, however, she overwrites. To build up suspense, she hints darkly of terrible disasters to come, such as the vengeance Andrew Jackson will take on Timothy Fuller, Margaret's father who supported John Quincy Adams, but somehow the vengeance does not seem so terrible or illogical when we get to it.

Nor is Miss Chipperfield's conclusion borne out by her narrative. She offers the thesis that Margaret Fuller wished to die and refused rescue. Yet up to this point, the narrative gives the reader the impression that she was happier as a wife and mother than ever before in her life. She had been transformed by the love of a good, honorable man. True the Ossolis were in debt. Margaret had borrowed heavily, and the Marchese had lost his share of his patrimony by marrying the Protestant American.

Miss Chipperfield does not hint at anything improper in the Fuller-Ossoli liaison, yet she conjectures, "Was it that at the last no din of wind or waves sufficed to still the voice of a New England conscience reminding that the wages of sin are death?" Had Margaret and her Giovanni sinned? Was their Angelino the fruit of sin? One would not think so until that sentence.

The author has allowed her imagination full rein. While imagi-

nation is a good thing, and there is certainly a place for it in scholarship, there is entirely too much of it in this book. The last word on Margaret Fuller has not yet been said.

HAROLD SCHWARTZ.

The American Henry James. By Quentin Anderson. (New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press. 1957. Pp. xiii, 369. \$6.50.)

Mr. Quentin Anderson makes the novelist out to be an ideological, political, and religious American in the image of his father. He argues his thesis narrowly, as if the cosmopolitan writer had read nothing but his father's tracts, and he manages his argument loosely, as if he could safely neglect the differences between conscious and unconscious intention, forced and plausible analogy, insufficient and conclusive evidence. Unlike some safer and sounder commentators, however, he gives us a richly suggestive view of James, based on his refusal to settle for James as a craftsman and nothing more. The expatriate at Lamb House did try to place the English novel on a rational foundation, and he merits the praise of his heroic effort. But his service to art did not rule out service to other values. For that reason, it is a pleasure—and a handy corrective—that the *American Henry James* should be here, not the technician as light-bearer, but the novelist as ideologue.

Mr. Anderson starts by tracing the novelist's ideological Americanism to his father and his father's generation. An extraordinary liberation of the mind took place in that era of expanding democracy. Viewed from our own age of self-conscious conformism, America's pre-Civil War harvest of philosophic originals seems almost enviable. But among the costs of "originality" was an unconscious tendency to conform. As Tocqueville first observed, most American thinkers tacitly shared the faith that humanity could be redeemed by human beings. The elder James, aware of himself as a lapsed Christian, also stressed the corollary belief that human beings intrinsically need to be redeemed. Like his contemporary Herman Melville, he found that emancipation from his Presbyterian beginnings did not cancel his spiritual thirst. To express his complex need, he took his materials from Fourier and Swedenborg

rather than from seafaring and poetry. The materials in neither case were peculiarly American, but the situation and the consequences no doubt were. The degree to which Henry James the novelist imbibed "father's ideas," therefore—if we could but measure it—might serve as an ideal measure of his bearing the national stamp.

There are great difficulties in the way of such a project. First of all, the ex-Presbyterian-Fourierist-Swedenborgian lived in a world of highly conceptualized and very complicated abstractions, and he made things even more complicated by his obsessive itch for system-making. William and Henry, the sons of the first Henry James who survived their father's sublime obscurity, did so by reacting strongly. They became radical empiricists of thought and imagination, relished the particulars of experience, lived among the appearances of things. Yet even when they insisted that what met the eye was as real as the unseen sources of appearance, they could not disengage themselves from their father's thought. In *theory* (and sporadically in actual shrewd comment), the elder James had the same respect for empirical phenomena. He had the tantalizing knack of the system-maker: "When me they fly, I am the wings." As a result, we have to decide the question of when a reaction is not a reaction. On the one hand, everything can be considered in terms of alienation from God ("creation") or return from self to God ("redemption"). These and other concepts of the father can be applied to the novelist-son's work in great detail. On the other hand, applicability of concepts does not mean that the subject of analysis came into being by the process which the analyst presupposes. Granted that there is at least as much sense in reading the novelist by his father's system as by that of Freud or Jung, we must remember that the system is extrinsic to the writings. We ought not to assume a relevance that needs to be proved: while it is easy enough to show that Henry, like William, loved and respected the father against whom he was reacting, there is no explicit evidence that he absorbed his father's thought and used it for his own—not in the letters, or the notebooks, or the critical writings, including the Prefaces to the New York edition, or the autobiographies. The apparent evidence hardly supports the thesis that the novelist, like his father before him, was "in on" the secret of Swedenborg and kept it. But even if we decline Mr. An-

erson's premise that James was a furtive (or unconscious) allegorist, we cannot dismiss his explorations: we are forced to deal with a partial truth and decide how far to believe that James meant something he did not say.

At the most general level, the influence of the father is clear enough. The elder James established ethical categories that were valuable precisely because they were not unique. His description of death as "the state of a man in love with himself more than with God and his neighbor" is conceptually in the language of the great ethical prophets, even as it comes close to Dostoevsky in actual phrasing. He attacked moralism and ecclesiasticism on the ground that they invited men to convert their goodness to spiritual pride, the worst of sins. For him, then, the virtuous act was not done according to institutional demands or sacramental piety, but proceeded spontaneously from the loving heart. Rules of conduct were not enough. Situations were always unique, though it took the imagination of an artist to see how they were so. Where the unimaginative seek blindly to possess, the good desire to see clearly and more clearly, for the act of love is first of all *perceptive*. The principles of the theologian reappear in the novelist and his characteristic moral handling of the traditional themes of America and Europe, innocence and experience, art and philistinism.

James's ethical principles tend to constitute the world of his fiction. The novel which treats the growth of perception takes form as the novel with a controlling central consciousness, but the special Jamesian techniques which produce his drama of intelligence ultimately conflict with the original intent. As Mr. Anderson says, the artist is intended as an ethical hero who "loves the image as it reflects life, not as it reflects his 'narrow, personal, ineffectual self.'" Mr. Anderson expresses the widely felt complaint that James's novels imply no reality but what the novelist has completely rendered; in the represented universe, everything is accounted for, nothing is left for us to wonder at. It is as if the axiom, *Things are as they are perceived*, is somehow transformed into *Things are only what the Jamesian protagonist perceives*. Readers will vary in judging when and how often this complaint is valid, but most will agree that Henry—like his brother William—was sometimes carelessly close to saying that what is "true" for an individual is the same as "the truth" about the world.

Quite different from the principles which operate in the literal action and the construction of James's novels, Mr. Anderson finds specific doctrines and their emblems in much of the fiction. He argues that James composed the three great works of his third phase as an allegorical trilogy, *The Ambassadors* on what the elder James called the Jewish church (New England moralism), *The Wings of the Dove* on the Christian Church (with Milly as savior), *The Golden Bowl* on the Swedenborgian New Jerusalem (the reconciliation of Maggie and the Prince presaging the harmony of this world's contraries). The rebuttal in detail will take a long time, but the skeptical reader may never get past certain simple objections: for example, James, in a supreme fit of concealment, put *The Ambassadors* into the New York edition as second of the three novels, following the order of publication rather than Mr. Anderson's conceptual order; the proposed allegory for *The Wings of the Dove* has the devil appear twice in the *dramatis personae*, in Lord Mark and Mr. Croy, which seems to be giving him somewhat more than his due; Maggie Verver, the heroine of the supposed Swedenborgian triumph, is one of the few James characters whose religion we are told, and she is a Roman Catholic. As for the dominant images which Mr. Anderson finds in both father and son—like the bowl, the portrait, the house of life—he argues with tireless ingenuity that the son's symbols convey precisely the father's meaning. But the novelist was too much his father's son consciously to imitate the letter rather than the spirit, and since the symbols in question have an independent life in our cultural tradition, unconscious debt to a single source is unprovable.

Between Mr. Anderson's general success and his particular failures is the frustrating middle realm where wrong method seems to yield right answers. *The American Henry James* makes a convincing case that Gabriel Nash, in *The Tragic Muse*, is at least a partial portrait of the novelist's father, and it offers the most persuasive interpretation to date of James's famous Galerie d'Apollon nightmare, retold in *A Small Boy and Others*. Further, it interestingly suggests ways in which peculiar Jamesian turns of phrase may be fossil-images from the father's symbolic vocabulary. When Nanda Brookenham, in *The Awkward Age*, insists on a "drain-pipe" image for her premature experience of worldly knowledge, the author's bad taste in figurative language may be explained by

a flagging imagination and a subconscious stored with "cloacal" imagery of the schematic sort which this book sets forth. Mr. Anderson has one instinct which says that the James he presents is not "our domestic Dante" but proportionately a weaker novelist as the father-son thesis holds true, and his instinct is right. The weaknesses in the characterization of Milly Theale and in the resolution of the plot of *The Golden Bowl* seem more understandable when we try the hypothesis of Mr. Anderson's allegorical reading. Where, on literary grounds, we may have decided that James failed to say what he meant, Mr. Anderson gives a clue to the meaning. That paternal influence should account for defects as well as virtues is an old truth from which we shall continue to learn.

J. C. LEVENSON.

The American Railroad Network, 1861-1890. By George Rogers Taylor and Irene D. Neu. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1956. Pp. viii, 113. \$3.75.)

The title of this short book is not a completely accurate indication of its contents. More than half is concerned with a description of the American railroad network as it existed in the year 1861. Only the last four of the nine chapters describe the development of the railroads in the next thirty years. And even in these chapters, as they take pains to explain, the authors are studying only one aspect of improvements in railroad transportation: the conversion of the fragmented railroads of 1861 into an integrated national network by 1890 through the adoption of the uniform standard gauge of four feet eight and one-half inches.

The text is supplemented by three clear and accurate railroad maps of different sections of the country, including one on New England and the Middle Atlantic States. The maps are based on contemporary railway guides and directories, and their unique value lies in the fact that they show graphically the fragmentation of the railway network in 1861 because of wide variations in gauge. Eight different gauges were used to an important degree, from four feet three inches to six feet; different colors are used to distinguish lines of different gauge. It is this particular physical characteristic with which the authors are most concerned. Different

gauges existed partly because the railroads were originally built to serve only the hinterland of individual cities, rather than as connecting links, and partly because of slightly different means of measuring gauge. New England was one of the leading sections of the country in establishing uniformity of gauge among many of its railroads, in order to facilitate long-distance trade. At one time, in the years before the Civil War, Portland, at the eastern end of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, had the "best intersectional railroad connection of any American city," a route that extended almost 800 miles westward without break of gauge. Since the gauge was five feet six inches, however, Portland's preëminence was not to be a lasting one.

The last four chapters of the book, while paying some attention to such important influences toward integration as the western grain trade, the effect of the Civil War, and the adoption of a four foot eight and one-half inch gauge for the Pacific Railroad, are most concerned with progress made toward uniformity of gauge. A good chapter on the fast freight lines, which flourished in the seventies and eighties, is included. The footnotes indicate full use of both contemporary and secondary sources.

But here again, there is no railroad map of 1890 included, for comparison with the maps of 1861. More important, since the authors make excessive use of such phrases as "Boston interests," "the business interests of Montreal," or "Portland's merchants," the reader gets almost no sense of the activities of individual railroaders or merchants. Likewise, no mention is made of the individuals who arranged and organized the dramatic mass change of gauge that occurred in the South in 1886. With these qualifications, this is a thorough and responsible study of a specific development which was both a cause and a result of the growing national economy which characterized the United States after the Civil War.

THOMAS WEBER.

A Narrative History of the Town of Cohasset, Massachusetts. Volume II. By Burtram J. Pratt. (Published under the auspices of the Committee on Town History. 1956. Pp. xiv, 338. N.p.)

This recently published history of Cohasset covers the period

from the great storm of 1898 which wrecked the fishing vessel *Juniata* and damaged Tower Wharf in Cohasset harbor, through the recent storms of March, 1956, when the *Etrusco* was driven ashore at Lighthouse Point, Scituate. It follows the development of the town from days when Charles F. Tilden's blacksmith and carriage shop near the present site of Kimball's Lobster Shop advertised: "We will build you a new carriage of any kind to your order, warrant it for a reasonable length of time, and sell it to you on the installment plan." Various successful business ventures are described, from the ice businesses of George W. Mealy and Sons, and William O. Souther, both of whom delivered to householders in the neighborhood ice cut from Lily Pond, Cohasset, to the prosperous businesses that exist today.

Music always has filled a big place in the lives of Cohasset residents. The Cohasset Guild Band, and the Tower orchestra, both active at the turn of the century, are mentioned, as are the theatrical efforts of amateurs and professionals at a later date. The activities of the summer colony are described in some detail, as well as the doings of the permanent Cohasset home owners.

The History is dedicated to the brave men of Cohasset who in World War II gave their lives for their country. Chapters VI and IX detail the part Cohasseters played in both World Wars. Doctors of Cohasset, and its Fire and Police Departments benefited from the advent of the automobile. A chapter describes the work of many people who served the town in various professional and business capacities. Descriptions of schools, libraries, stores, and present-day industries form a part of one of the concluding chapters. Forty-eight unusual photographs show different phases of Cohasset life such as President Coolidge's visit as well as transportation of bootleg liquor seized in a raid during prohibition days.

Those who live in Cohasset, or who have lived there, will want to own and study this History written by Burtram J. Pratt, with the assistance of a Committee of Cohasset citizens. It contains much information that will recall pleasant or courageous stories to those who share the particular affection Cohasseters feel for Minot's Light, which for years has guarded ships from rocky ledges with its protecting flash, one, four, three, "I love you."

SUSAN HIGGINSON NASH.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL JEFFERSON CARTER, JR. is Professor of English at the University of Colorado.

DEREK KEITH COLVILLE is Instructor in English at Yale University.

THOMAS ARTHUR GULLASON is Assistant Professor of English at the University of Rhode Island.

ROBERT S. HOLZMAN is Professor of Taxation in the Graduate School of Business Administration at New York University.

ILSE DUSOIR LIND is Associate Professor of English at Washington Square College at New York University.

JOHN FRANCIS McDERMOTT is Associate Professor of English at Washington University.

JOSEPH P. ROPPOLO is a member of the Faculty of English at Tulane University.

MERTON M. SEALTS, JR. is Associate Professor of English at Lawrence College.

WILCOMB E. WASHBURN is a Fellow of the Institute of Early American History and Culture and an Instructor in History at the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia.

DONORS

TO

THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY

STEWART MITCHELL

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

THE HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

NOTES ON REVIEWERS

DENIS W. BROGAN is Professor of Political Science at Cambridge University, England.

ELAINE COULTER (Mrs. James A. Coulter), a graduate of Radcliffe College, has made a special study of the themes of Henry James.

R. AMMI CUTTER is an Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.

J. C. LEVENSON is Assistant Professor of English at the University of Minnesota, and author of *The Mind and Art of Henry Adams*.

PERRY MILLER, an editor of *THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY*, and Professor of English at Harvard, is author of *The Raven and the Whale* (1956).

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON is a founder of *THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY*, and Jonathan Trumbull Professor of American History, *Emeritus*, at Harvard University.

KENNETH BALLARD MURDOCK, an editor of *THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY* since its foundation in 1928, is Professor of English and Chairman of the Committee on General Education at Harvard University.

SUSAN HIGGINSON NASH, a newspaper correspondent, is a resident of Cohasset, Massachusetts.

THOMAS W. PERRY is Instructor in History at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

HAROLD SCHWARTZ is Assistant Professor of History at Kent State University, Kent, Ohio.

THOMAS WEBER is Associate Professor of History at Douglass College in Rutgers University.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF

The New England Quarterly published quarterly at Brunswick and Portland, Maine, for August 29, 1957.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Address</i>
Publisher <i>The Anthoensen Press</i>	<i>Portland, Maine</i>
Editor <i>Samuel Eliot Morison</i>	<i>Cambridge, Mass.</i>
Managing editor <i>Herbert Brown</i>	<i>Brunswick, Maine</i>
Business manager <i>None</i>	

2. The owner is: *The New England Quarterly*, promoted by the Board of Editors, and supported by The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, 87 Mount Vernon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts, and by Donors, whose names appear on every issue.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: *None*.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: *Not required*.

(Signed) LEROY D. CROSS, *Assistant Editor*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of August, 1957.

(Signed) WILLIAM K. HALL, *Notary Public*
(My commission expires September 25, 1959.)

[SEAL]

The New England Quarterly
Literary Fellowship Award In American Studies

The New England Quarterly and Houghton Mifflin Company announce the establishment of the NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY LITERARY FELLOWSHIP AWARD IN AMERICAN STUDIES.

The Award will be given annually for work in progress. It is designed to encourage the writing of books of general interest in the fields of American History, Literature, and the Social Sciences.

Though the award is intended primarily for writers in need of financial assistance, it is not absolutely limited by that intention, and any writer whose project meets the specifications may apply.

Manuscripts submitted for the award will be judged by the Board of Editors of *The New England Quarterly* in association with the Editors of Houghton Mifflin Company.

The amount of the award will be \$2,400. One half of this sum will be an outright grant and one half will be considered an advance against future royalties. The Award will be paid in monthly installments over the course of a year. In exceptional cases the Award may be given more than once for the same manuscript, and the judges reserve the right to make no award in the event no manuscript seems worthy. All manuscripts submitted, whether winning an award or not will be considered for publication by Houghton Mifflin Company who will also publish the Award winners when they are completed to the satisfaction of all parties.

For further information and application forms write to:

THE EDITOR, Houghton Mifflin Company
2 Park Street, Boston 7, Massachusetts

The

early
middle
late

to G
page
the
1927

1927

1927

1927

1927

1927

